

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND," "GAZETTEER OF SCOTLAND," &c.

TWELFTH EDITION.

No. 8.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1832.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## A TALE OF THE PLAGUE IN EDINBURGH

In several parts of Scotland such things are to be found as tales of the plague. Amidst so much human suffering as the events of a pestilence necessarily involved, it is of course to be supposed that occasionally circumstances would occur of a peculiarly disastrous and affecting description—that many loving hearts would be torn asunder, or laid side by side in the grave—many orphans left desolate, and patriarchs bereft of all their descendants—and that cases of so painful a sort as called forth greater compassion at the time, would be remembered, after much of the ordinary details was generally forgotten. The celebrated story of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, is a case in point. So romantic, so mournful a tale, appealing, as it does, to every bosom, could not fail to be commemorated, even though it had been destitute of the great charm of locality. In the course of our researches, we have likewise picked up a few extraordinary circumstances connected with the last visit paid by the plague to Edinburgh, which, improbable as they may perhaps appear, we believe to be, to a certain extent, allied to truth, and shall now submit them to our readers.

When Edinburgh was afflicted, for the last time, with the pestilence, such was its effect upon the energies of the citizens, and so long was its continuance, that the grass grew on the principal street, and even at the Cross, though that *Scottish Rialto* was then perhaps the most crowded thoroughfare in Britain. Silence, more than that of the stillest midnight, pervaded the streets during the day. The sunlight fell upon the quiet houses as it falls on a line of sombre and neglected tombstones in some sequestered churchyard—gilding, but not altering, their desolate features. The area of the High Street, on being entered by a stranger, might have been contemplated with feelings similar to those with which Christian, in the Pilgrim's Progress, viewed the awful court-yard of Giant Despair; for in that well-imagined scene, the very ground bore the marks of wildness and desolation; every window around, like the loop-holes of the dungeons in Doubting Castle, seemed to tell its tale of misery within, and the whole seemed to lie prostrate and powerless under the dominion of an unseen demon, which fancy might have conceived as stalking around in a bodily form leisurely dooming its subjects to successive execution.

When the pestilence was at its greatest height, a strange perplexity began, and not without reason, to take possession of the few physicians and nurses who attended the sick. It was customary for the distempered to die, or, as the rare case happened, to recover, on a particular day, after having first exhibited symptoms of illness. This was an understood rule of the plague, which had never been known to fail. All at once, it began to appear, that a good many people, especially those who were left alone in their houses by the death or desertion of friends, died before the arrival of the critical day. In some of these cases, not only was the rule of the disease broken, but what vexed the physicians more, the powers of medicine seemed to have been set at defiance; for several patients of distinction, who had been able to purchase good attendance, and were therefore considered as in less than ordinary danger, were found to have expired after taking salutary drugs, and being left with good hopes by their physicians. It almost seemed as if some new disease were beginning to engraft itself upon the pestilence—a new feature rising upon its horrid aspect. Subtle and fatal as it formerly was, it was now inconceivably more so. It could formerly be calculated upon; but it was now quite arbitrary and precarious. Medicine had lost its power over it. God, who created it in its first monstrous form, appeared to have endowed it with an additional sting, against which feeble mortality could present no competent shield. Physicians beheld its new ravages with surprise and despair; and a deeper shade of horror was spread in consequence over the public mind.

As an air of more than natural mystery seemed to accompany this truly calamitous turn of affairs, it was, of course, to be expected, in that superstitious age, that many would attribute it to a more than natural cause. By the ministers it was taken for an additional manifestation of God's wrath

and as such held forth in not a few pulpits, accompanied with all the due exhortations to a better life, which it was not unlikely would be attended with good effect among the thin congregations of haggard and terrified scarecrows, who persisted in meeting regularly at places of worship. The learned puzzled themselves with conjectures as to its probable causes and cures; while the common people gave way to the most wild and fanciful surmises, almost all of which were as far from the truth. The only popular observation worthy of any attention, was that the greater part of those who suffered from this new disease died during the night, and all of them while unattended.

Not many days after the alarm first arose, a poor woman arrested a physician in the street, and desired to confer with him a brief space. He at first shook her off, saying he was at present completely engaged, and could take no new patients. But when she informed him that she did not desire his attendance, and only wished to communicate something which might help to clear up the mystery of the late premature deaths, he stopped and lent a patient ear. She told him, that, on the previous night, having occasion to leave her house, in order to visit a sick neighbour who lay upon a lonely death-bed, in the second flat below her own garret, she took a lamp in her hand, that she might the better find her way down. As she descended the stair, which she described as a *turnpike*, or spiral one, she heard a low and inexpressibly doleful moan, as if proceeding from the house of her neighbour—such a moan, she said, as she had never heard proceed from any of the numerous death-beds it had been her lot to attend. She hastened faster down the stair than her limbs were well able to carry her, under the idea that her friend was undergoing some severe suffering, which she might be able to alleviate. Before, however, she had reached the first landing-place, a noise, as of footsteps, arose from the house of pain and caused her to apprehend that all was not right in a house which she knew no one ever visited in that time of desolation, but herself. She quickened her pace still more than before, and soon reached the landing-place at her neighbour's door. Something, as she expressed it, seeming to *swarf* down the stairs, like the noise of a full garment brushing the walls—a narrow passage, she drew in the lamp, and, looking down beyond it, saw what she conceived to be the dark drapery the back of a tall human figure, loosely clad, moving, rather gliding, out of sight, and in a moment gone. So uncertain was she at first of the reality of what she saw, that she believed it to be the shadow of the central pile of the stair gliding downwards as she brought round the light; but the state of matters in the inside of the house soon convinced her to her horror, that it must have been something more dreadful and real—the unfortunate woman being dead; though as yet it was three days till the time when, according to the old rules of the disease, she might have lived or died. The physician heard this story with astonishment; but as it only informed his mind, which was not free from superstition, that the whole matter was becoming more and more mysterious, he drew no conclusions from it, but simply observing, with a professional shake of the head, that all was not right in the town, went upon his way.

The old woman, who, of course, could not be expected to let so good a subject of gossip and wonderment lie idle in her mind, like the guinea kept by the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters, forthwith proceeded to dissipate it abroad among her neighbours, who soon (to follow out the idea of the coin) reduced it into still larger and coarser pieces, and paid it away, in that exaggerated form, to a wider circle of neighbours, by whom it was speedily dispersed in various shapes over the whole town. The popular mind, like the ear of a sick man, being then peculiarly sensitive, received the intelligence with a degree of alarm, such as the news of a lost battle has not always occasioned amongst a people; and as the atmosphere is best calculated for the conveyance of sound during the time of frost, so did the air of the plague seem peculiarly well fitted for the propagation of this fearful report. The whole

of the people were impressed, on hearing the story, with a feeling of undefined awe, mixed with horror. The back of a tall figure, in dark long clothes, seen but for a moment! There was a picturesque indistinctness in the description, which left room for the imagination; taken in conjunction, too, with the moan heard at first by the old woman on the stair, and the demise of the sick woman at the very time, it was truly startling. To add to the panic, a report arose next day, that the figure had been seen on the preceding evening, by different persons, flitting about various stairs and alleys, always in the shade, and disappearing immediately after being first perceived. An idea began to prevail that it was the image of Death—Death, who had thus come in his impersonated form, to a city which seemed to have been placed so peculiarly under his dominion, in order to execute his office with the greater promptitude. It was thought—if so fantastic a dream may be assigned to the thinking faculty—that the grand destroyer, who, in ordinary times, is invisible, might, perhaps, have the power of rendering himself palpable to the sight in cases where he approached his victims, under circumstances of peculiar horror; and this wild imagination was the more fearful, inasmuch as it was supposed that, with the increase of the mortality, he would become more and more distinctly visible, till, perhaps, after having dispatched all, he would burst forth in open triumph, and roam at large throughout a city of desolation.

It happened, on the second day after the rise of this popular fancy, that an armed ship, of a very singular construction, and manned by a crew of strangely foreign-looking men, entered Leith harbour. It was a Barbary rover; but the crew showed no intention of hostility to the town of Leith, though at the present pass it would have fallen an easy prey to their arms, being quite as much afflicted with the pestilence as its metropolitan neighbour. A detachment of the crew, comprising one who appeared to be the commander, immediately landed, and proceeded to Edinburgh, which they did not scruple to enter. They inquired for the provost, and, on being conducted to the presence of that dignitary, their chief disclosed their purpose in thus visiting Edinburgh, which was the useful one of supplying it in its present distress with a cargo of drugs, approved in the East for their efficacy against the plague, and a few men who could undertake to administer them properly to the sick. The provost heard this intelligence with overflowing eyes; for, besides the anxiety he felt about the welfare of the city, he was especially interested in the health of his daughter, and only child, who happened to be involved in the common calamity. The terms proposed by the Africans were somewhat exorbitant. They demanded to have half of the wealth of those whom they restored to health. But the provost told them that he believed many of the most wealthy citizens would be glad to employ them on these terms; and, for his own part, he was willing to sacrifice any thing he had, short of his salvation, for the behalf of his daughter. Assured of at least the safety of their persons and goods, the strangers drew from their ship a large quantity of medicines, and began that very evening to attend, as physicians, those who chose to call them in. The captain—a man in the prime of life, and remarkable amongst the rest for his superior dress and bearing—engaged himself to attend the provost's daughter, who had now nearly reached the crisis of the distemper, and hitherto had not been expected to survive.

The house of Sir John Smith, the Provost of Edinburgh, in the year 1645, was situated in Cap-and-Feather Close, an alley occupying the site of the present North Bridge. The bottom of this alley being closed, there was no thoroughfare or egress towards the North Loch; but the provost's house possessed this convenience, being the tenement which closed the lower extremity, and having a back-door that opened

upon an alley to the eastward, namely, Halkerston's Wynd. This house was, at the time we speak of, crammed full of valuable goods—plate, &c., which had been deposited in the provost's hands by many of his afflicted fellow-citizens, under the impression that, if they survived, he was honest enough to restore them unimpaired, and, if otherwise, he was worthy to inherit them. His daughter, who had been seized before it was found possible to remove her from the town, lay in a little room at the back of the house, which, besides one door opening from the large staircase in the front, had also a more private entry communicating with the narrower and obsolete turnpike behind. At that time, little precaution was taken any where in Scotland about the locking of doors. To have the door simply closed, so that the fairies could not enter, was in general considered sufficient, as it is at the present day in many remote parts. In Edinburgh, during the time of the plague, the greatest indifference to security of this sort prevailed. In general, the doors were left unlocked from within, in order to admit the cleansers, or any charitable neighbour who might come to minister to the bed-ridden sick. This was not exactly the case in Sir John Smith's house; for the main door was scrupulously locked, with a view to the safety of the goods committed to his charge. Nevertheless, from neglect, or from want of apprehension, the posterior entrance was afterwards found to have been not so well secured.

The Barbary physician had administered a poison to his patient soon after his admission into the house. He knew that symptoms either favourable or unfavourable would speedily appear, and he therefore resolved to remain in the room in order to watch the result. About midnight, as he sat in a remote corner of the room, looking towards the bed upon which his charge was extended, while a small lamp burned upon a low table between, he was suddenly surprised to observe something like a dark cloud, unaccompanied by any noise, interpose itself slowly and gradually between his eyes and the bed. He at first thought that he was deceived—that he was beginning to fall asleep—or that the strange appearance was occasioned by some peculiarity of the light, which, being placed almost directly between him and the bed, caused him to see the latter object very indistinctly. He was soon undeceived by hearing a noise—the slightest possible—and perceiving something like motion in the ill-defined lineaments of the apparition. Gracious heaven! thought he, can this be the angel of death hovering over his victim, preparing to strike the mortal blow, and ready to receive the departing soul into the inconceivable recesses of its awful form? It almost appeared as if the cloud stooped over the bed for the performance of this task. Presently, the patient uttered a half-suppressed sigh, and then altogether ceased the regular respirations, which had hitherto been monotonous and audible throughout the room. The awe-struck attendant could contain himself no longer, but permitted a sort of cry to escape him, and started to his feet. The cloud instantly, as it were, rose from its inclined posture over the bed, turned hastily round, and, in a moment contracting itself into a human shape, glided softly, but hastily, from the apartment. Ha! thought the African, I have known such personages as this in Aleppo. These angels of death are sometimes found to be mortals themselves—I shall pursue and try. He, therefore, quickly followed the phantom through the private door by which it had escaped, not forgetting to seize his semicircular sword in passing the table where it lay. The stair was dark and steep; but he kept his feet till he reached the bottom. Casting, then, a hasty glance around him, he perceived a shadow vanish from the moon-lit ground, at an angle of the house, and instantly started forward in the pursuit. He soon found himself in the open wynd above-mentioned, along which he supposed the mysterious object to have gone. All here was dark; but being certain of the course adopted by the pursued party, he did not hesitate a moment in plunging headlong down its steep profundity. He was confirmed in his purpose by immediately afterwards observing, at some distance in advance, a small jet of moonlight, proceeding from a side alley, obscured for a second by what he conceived to be the transit of a large dark object. This he soon also reached, and finding that his own person caused a similar obscurity, he was confirmed in his conjecture that the apparition bore a substantial form. Still forward and downward he boldly rushed, till reaching an open area at the bottom, part of which was lighted by the moon, he plainly saw, at the distance of about thirty yards before him, the figure of a tall man, loosely enveloped in a prodigious cloak, gliding along the ground, and apparently making for a small bridge, which at this particular place crossed the drain of the North Loch, and served as a communication with the village called Mutrie Hill. He made directly for the fugitive, thinking to overtake him almost before he could reach the bridge. But what was his surprise, when, in a moment, the flying object vanished from his sight, as if it had sunk into the ground, and left him alone and objectless in his headlong pursuit.

It was possible that it had fallen into some concealed well, or pit, but this he was never able to discover. Bewildered and confused, he at length returned to the provost's house, and re-entered the apartment of the sick maiden. To his delight and astonishment he found her already in a state of visible convalescence, with a gradually deepening glow of health diffusing itself over her cheek. Whether his courage and fidelity had been the means of scaring away the evil demon it is impossible to say; but certain it is, that the ravages of the plague began soon afterwards to decline in Edinburgh, and at length died away altogether.

The conclusion of this singular traditional story bears, that the provost's daughter, being completely restored to health, was married to the foreigner who had saved her life. This seems to have been the result of an affection which they had conceived for each other during the period of her convalescence. The African, becoming joint-heir with his wife of the provost's vast property, abandoned his former piratical life; became, it is said, a dour Presbyterian, and settled down for the remainder of his days in Edinburgh. The match turned out exceedingly well; and it is even said that the foreigner became so assimilated with the people of Edinburgh, to whom he had proved so memorable a benefactor, that he held at one time an office of considerable civic dignity and importance. Certain it is, that he built for his residence a magnificent land near the head of the Canongate, upon the front of which he caused to be erected a statue of the Emperor of Barbary, in testimony of the respect he still cherished for his native country; and this memorial yet remains in its original niche, as a subsidiary proof of the verity of the above relation.

**REPUBLICAN HEROISM.**—At the siege of Crema, 1160, four hundred Milanese had thrown themselves into the town, to partake the combats and dangers of their allies. The Emperor, who regarded the besieged only as revolted subjects, sought to terrify them by the spectacle of punishments. Hostages had been sent to him by Milan and Crema; he ordered several of them to be hung before the walls of the town. Some were children of the most distinguished families: he caused them to be bound to a moving tower, which was brought so close to the attack that the besieged could not repel it without killing or wounding their own children. A cry of despair resounded along the walls of Crema. The wretched parents implored death from their fellow-citizens, to escape witnessing the agony of their children, and at the same time cried out to their children not to fear giving up their lives for their country. The battle, in fact, was not interrupted; and the moving tower was repelled, after nine of the young hostages who covered it with their bodies had been killed. During six entire months did the small town of Crema resist the whole army of the Emperor. Famine at length accomplished what force could not; and on the 28th of January 1160, the heroic inhabitants capitulated, abandoning their wealth to pillage, and their houses to the flames. For themselves, wasted by famine and fatigue, they obtained permission to withdraw to Milan.—*Simond.*

**THE GOOD PROVIDENCE OF GOD.**—The more narrowly we examine the works of nature, the more and more are we convinced that the whole order of the universe is the result of plan, or a previous design on the part of a Deity. Perhaps the cause for ordure, or putrescent matter having a bad smell, has never occurred to the minds of many individuals; yet that bad smell has been given for the wisest of purposes. It is in order that the objects producing the offensive scent may be carried out of sight and buried; and by being thus deposited under a covering of earth, assume new properties, and be the means of yielding a rich crop of new food. Here, then, it is demonstrated, that cleanliness, or the removal of every description of nuisances from the doors of cottages, and other places in the vicinity of the dwellings of man, is expressly ordained by God Almighty himself, and that he who is remiss in doing so absolute, resists the beneficent will of the Divinity.—*Ed.*

#### FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY. Continued.

The first of the distinguished family alluded to at the end of the preceding article was Robert Avenel, who, under David I. settled in Upper Eskdale. He flourished during the reigns of Malcolm IV. and William, whose charters he witnessed. By thus noticing the signatures as witnesses to the old charters, much is learned of the old Scottish families. Robert Avenel officiated as Justiciary of Lothian for a short period after the accession of William, in 1165. It appears that this Anglo-Saxon Baron retired from the turmoils of life into the monastery of Melrose, where he died in 1185, leaving a son to inherit his honours. The Avenels, for several generations, continued among the most powerful families on the Borders; a circumstance which has doubtless suggested to Sir Walter Scott the idea of commemorating them in the tales of "The Monastery," and "The Abbot." It may also be noticed that a particular intimacy subsisted between the Avenels and the monks of St. Mary's, and it is seen that they were individually buried in the isles of the abbey. Yet amidst this friendship, which the Author of Waverley has so well interwoven with his romance, it is observed, from the family history, that they occasionally had quarrels with the monks relative to their property. In 1135, Gervase Avenel had a serious dispute with them regarding the game on the lands endowed to the use of the monastery, by one of his predecessors. The King at length interfered to quell the dis-

turbance, and "found that the monks were entitled to the soil, but not to the game, which belonged to the Avenels, as lords of the manor." The distinguished family of Avenel merged, like many others, in a female heir, who married Henry, the son of Henry de Graham of Abercorn and Dalkeith, and thereby carried the estates of the Avenels into a family in the Lothians.

We now come to the family of Olifard, or Oliphant. The first of this name was David de Olifard, who, it is said, accompanied David I. in the retreat from Winchester in 1124. David certainly gave the companion of his journey the manors of Smailholm and Crailing, in Roxburghshire. He also enjoyed, for sometime, the Justiciarship of Lothian. The Olifards spread into Kincardineshire, Perthshire, and Lanarkshire, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The main line was elevated to the Peerage by James II.; it afterwards merged in a female heir, who, marrying Hugh de Abernethy, founded the noble house of the Viscounts Arbutnot.

The Giffords were of as noble and ancient a stock, having been relatives of the Norman Conqueror. Two of the race came to Scotland under David I.; and one of these, Hugh Gifford, settling in East Lothian, conveyed his name to a village and parochial division. From this great stem there branched out several families of the name, who also rose to eminence. The *Says* were a family who derived their descent from the same Norman original. The first of the race who came into Scotland was Seiker de Say, who obtained lands from David I. in East Lothian, and laid the foundation of the noble family of *Saton*, or *Seton*, Earls of Winton, which distinguished itself through six centuries of Scottish history, and was attained in 1715. The first of the noble house of *Keith* was a person called Hervei, who attached himself to David, and acquired the estate of Keith in East Lothian, from whence the surname of the family was assumed. One of his descendants in the third generation took the surname of Marischall, from the family possessing the dignity of Knight Marischall of Scotland; and hence the name *Marshall* originated. Before the middle of the twelfth century, a person of Anglo-Norman lineage, named *Male*, settled under David I. on some lands in Mid-Lothian, conferring on his seat the title of *Maleville*, from which appellation the *Melvilles* took their surname. The main line of the *Males*, in the reign of Robert II. (1371-90), ended in a female heir, Agnes, who married Sir John Ross of Halkhead. The descendant of this marriage acquired the Peerage of Lord Ross in 1700. The estate was purchased during last century by David Rennie, whose daughter carried it by marriage to Henry Dundas, created Viscount Melville in 1802. It is generally understood that the *Maules* were of the same lineage as the *Males*. The first of the name in Scotland was Robert Maule, who attached himself to David I., and acquired lands in Mid-Lothian; one of his sons became the progenitor of the *Maules* of Panmure. The *Berkleys* settled in Scotland in the twelfth century, and were a branch of the great Berkley family in Gloucestershire. The family has greatly branched out under the surname of *Barclay*. The *Mentalls* were another English family which settled in Scotland under David. Their name, which they took from a place in Flintshire, has been softened into *Mowat*. At the same period the *de Lundins* settled in Fife and Forfarshire, and originated families with the appellation of *Lundis*. The family called *Harris*, or *Herries*, settled in the country also during the reign of David. The first of the race, who was of Anglo-Norman lineage, was named *Heris*; the family acquired a settlement in Dumfriesshire and Galloway. The noble family of Cunningham, in Ayrshire, traces its (correct) origin from Warnebold, a person who came from the north of England, and settled as a vassal under Hugh Morville, in Cunningham. From him he obtained the manor of Cunningham, which comprehended most of the parish of Kilmaurs, and from this manor the family name was assumed. The progenitors of the *Lockharts* were Stephen Lockhard and Simon Lockhard, who settled in Lanarkshire and Ayrshire during the twelfth century. Simon, who was the progenitor of the *Lockharts* of Lee, gave the name of *Symington* to a parish in Clydesdale; and Stephen, in the same manner, conferred the name of *Stevenson* on a parish in the district of Cunningham.

The origin of the distinguished family of *Hay* has been strangely obscured by the fabulous legends of the genealogists. Without impugning the story of the battle of Luncarty, and the feat performed with the oxen yoke, it is an ascertained fact, worthy of belief, that the first person of the name of Hay in Scotland, of whom record preserves any notice, was William de Hay, the descendant of an Anglo-Norman, who settled in Lothian at the middle of the twelfth century, and founded the family of the *Hays* of Lockerwart (Borthwick), Lords of Yester, and Earls and Marquises of Tweeddale, as also the *Hays* of Spot, Smithfield, Hayston, &c. The second William de Hay received a grant of the lands of Errol, in the Carse of Gowrie, from King William (1163—1214); the *Hays* thus branching off into two main lines.

The *Ramsays* were likewise settlers of the twelfth century, bringing with them the name from England, where it was a local appellation. The first of the race in North Britain was Simon de Ramsay, who received lands in Mid-Lothian under David I., and founded the noble family of the *Ramsays* of Dalhousie, from whence all the other *Ramsays* throughout Scotland are undoubtedly sprung. The *Falconers*, another old Scottish family, are of the same English extraction. Walter, the first of the family, received lands in the Mearns from David I.; and his son, Ralph, being appointed Falconer by William the Lion, and called by him *Falconarius noster*, his descendants acquired the surname of *Falconer*, which they still retain. The *Rolls* may next be brought under notice.—*To be continued.*

\* This miserable place possesses an interest of which the most of our readers cannot be aware. It receives its name from the circumstance of a brave young man, by name, David Halkerston, the brother of the ancestor of the celebrated Hackett of Rathliff, having been killed in it in 1544, when defending the place against the English under the Earl of Hertford.



## VICTIMS.

The industrious classes of the middle rank are, on the one hand attracted towards wealth and respectability, by contemplating men, formerly of their own order, who having as the saying is, feathered their nests, now lie at ease, a kind of *conscripti patres*; while they are on the other hand repelled from the regions of poverty and disgrace by the sight of a great many wretched persons, who having, under the influence of some unhappy star, permitted their good resolutions of industry and honour to give way, are sunk from their former estate, and now live—if living it can be called—in a state of misery and ignominy almost too painful to be thought of. There may be a use in this—as there is a use for beacons and buoys at sea. But oh, the desolation of such a fate! As different as the condition of a vessel which ever bends its course freely and gallantly over the seas, on some joyous expedition of profit or adventure, compared with one which has been deprived of all the means of locomotion, and chained down upon some reef of rocks, merely to tell its happier companions that it is to be avoided; so different is the condition of a man still engaged in the hopeful pursuits of life, and one who has lost all its prospects.

The progress of men who live by their daily industry, through this world, may be likened to the march of an army through an enemy's country. He who, from fatigue, from disease, from inebriety, from severe wounds, or whatever cause, falls out of the line of march, and lays him down by the wayside, is, sure, as a matter of course, to be destroyed by the peasantry; once let the column he belongs to pass on a little way a-head, and death is his sure portion. It is a dreadful thing to fall behind the ever-onward march of the world.

**VICTIMS**—the word placed at the head of this article—is a designation for those woe-begone mortals, who have had the misfortune to drop out of the ranks of society. Every body must know more or less of victims, for every body must have had to pay a smaller or greater number of half-crowns in his time to keep them from starvation. It happens, however, that the present writer has had a great deal to do with victims; and he therefore conceives himself qualified to afford his neighbours a little information upon the subject. It is a subject not without its moral; nor, with deference to the feelings of humanity, is it without its humour.

A victim may become so from many causes. Some men are wrong placed in the world by their friends, and ruin themselves. Some are ill-married, and lose heart. Others have tastes unsuited to the dull course of a man of business, as for music, social pleasures, the company of men out of their own order, and so forth. Other men have natural imperfections of character, and sink down, from pure inability to compete with rivals of more athletic constitution. But the grand cause of declension in life, is inability to accommodate circumstances and conduct.

Suppose a man to have broken credit with the world, and made that treaty of perpetual hostility with it, which *quasi lucus à non lucendo*, is called a *cessio bonorum*—what is he to do next? One thing is dead clear—he no more appears on Princes' Street, or the Bridges. They are to him as a native and once familiar land, from which he is exiled for ever. His migrations from one side of the town to the other, are now accomplished by channels, such as Leith Wynd, and the Cowgate, which, however well known to our ancestors, are in the present day dreamt of by nobody, except, perhaps, the Author of the Traditions of Edinburgh. I once came full upon a victim in Croftangry, a wretched alley near the Palace of Holyrood House; he looked the genius of the place! But the ways of victims are in general very occult. Sometimes I have altogether lost sight of one for several years, and given him up for dead. But at length he would re-appear at a midnight fire in the High Street, as salmon come from the deepest pools towards the lighted sheaf of the fisherman, or as some old revolutionary names that had disappeared from French history for a quarter of a century, came again above board on the occasion of the late revolution at Paris. At that said fire in the High Street, I observed several victims, who had long vanished from the open daylight streets, come out to glare with their bleared eyes upon the awful scene—perhaps unrooted from their dens by the progress of the devouring element."—But—what is a victim like?

The progress of a victim's gradual deterioration depends very much upon the question, whether he has, according to the old joke, failed with a waistcoat or a full suit. Suppose the latter contingency; he keeps up a decent appearance for some months after the fatal event, perhaps even making several attempts to keep up a few of his old acquaintance. It won't do, however; the clothes get worn—threadbare—slit—torn—patched—darned; let ink, thread, and judicious arrangement of person, do their best. The hat, the shoes, and the gloves, fail first; he then begins to wear a suspicious deal of white-brown linen in the way of cravat. Collars fail. Frills retire. The vest is buttoned to the uppermost button, or even, perhaps, with a supplementary pin (a pin is the most squalid object in nature or art) at top. Still, at this period, he tries to carry a jaunty, genteel air; he has not yet all forgot himself to rags. But, see, the buttons begin to show something like new moons at one side; these moons become full; they change; and then the button is only a little wisp of thread and rags, deprived of all power of retention over the button-hole. His watch has long been gone to supply the current wants of the day. The vest by and by retires from business, and the coat is buttoned up to the chin. About this period, he perhaps appears in a pair of nankeen trousers, which, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, he tries to sport in an easy, genteel fashion, as if it were his taste. If you meet him at this time, and inquire how he is getting on in the world, he speaks very confidently of some excellent situation he has a prospect of, which will make him better than ever; it is perhaps to superintend a large new blacking-manufactory which is to be set up at Portobello, and for which two acres of stone bottles

an feet deep, have already been collected from all the lumber-cellars in the country; quite a nice easy business; nothing to do but collect the orders and see them executed; good salary, free house, coal, candle, and blacking; save a pound a-year on the article of blacking alone. Or it is some other concern equally absurd, but which the disordered mind of the poor unfortunate is evidently rioting over with as much enjoyment as if it were to make him more than what he had been in his better days. At length—but not perhaps till two or three years have elapsed—he becomes that lamentable picture of wretchedness which is his ultimate destiny; mere pile of clothes without pile—a deplorable—a victim.

As a picture of an individual victim, take the following:—My earliest recollections of Mr — refer to his keeping a seed-shop in the New Town of Edinburgh. He was a remarkably smart active man, and could tie up little parcels of seeds with an almost magical degree of dispatch. When engaged in that duty, your eye lost sight of his fingers altogether, as you cease to individualize the spokes of a wheel when it is turned with great rapidity. He was the inventor of a curious tall engine, with a peculiar pair of scissors at top, for cutting fruit off trees. This he sent through Princes' Street every day with one of his boys, who was instructed every now and then to draw the string, so as to make the scissors close as sharply as possible. The boy would watch his men—broad-skirted men with top-boots—and, gliding in before them, would make the thing play clip. "Boy, boy," the country gentleman would cry, "what's that?" The boy would explain; the gentleman would be delighted with the idea of cutting down any particular apple he chose out of a thickly laden and unapproachable tree; and, after that, nothing more was required than to give him the card of the shop. Mr —, however, was not a man of correct or temperate conduct. He used to indulge even in forenoon potatoes. Opposite to his shop there was a tavern, to which he was in the habit of sending a boy every day for a tumbler of spirits and water, which the wretch was carefully enjoined to carry under his apron. One day, the boy forgot the precaution, and carried the infamous crystal quite exposed in his hand across the open and crowded street. Mr — was surveying his progress both in going and returning; and when he observed him coming towards the shop, with so damnable a proof of his malpractices holden forth to the gaze of the world, he leaped and danced within his shop window like a supple Jack in a glass case. The poor boy came in quite innocently, little wotting of the crime he had committed, or the reception he was to meet with, when, just as he had deposited the glass upon the counter, a blow from the hand of his master stretched him insensibly in a remote corner of the shop, among a parcel of seed bags. As no qualities will succeed in business unless perfectly good conduct be among the number, and, above all things, an abstinence from tipping, — soon became a victim. After he first took to the bent, to use Rob Roy's phrase, I lost sight of him for two or three years. At length, I one day met him on a road a little way out of town. He wore a coat buttoned to the chin, and which, being also very long in the breast, according to a fashion which obtained about the year 1813, seemed to enclose his whole trunk from neck to groin. With the usual cataract of cravat, he wore a hat the most woe-begone, the most dejected, the most melancholy I had ever seen. His face was inflamed and agitated, and as he walked, he swung out his arms with a strange emphatic expression, as if he were saying, "I am an ill used man, but I'll tell it to the world." Misery had evidently given him a slight craze, as it almost always does when it overtakes a man accustomed in early life to better things. Some time afterwards I saw him a little revived through the influence of a new second-hand coat, and he seemed, from a small leather parcel which he bore under his arm, to be engaged in some small agency. But this was a mere flash before utter expiration. He relapsed to the Cowgate—to rags—to wretchedness—to madness—immediately after. When I next saw him, it was in that street, the time midnight. He lay in the bottom of a stair, more like a heap of mud than a man. A maniac curse, uttered as I stumbled over him, was the means of my recognising it to be —.

The system of life pursued by victims in general, is worthy of being inquired into. Victims hang much about taverns in the outskirts of the town. Perhaps a decent man from Pennycook, with the honest rustic name of Walter Brown, or James Gowans, migrates to the Candle-maker Row, or the Grassmarket, and sets up a small public-house. You may know the man by his corduroy spatterdash, and the latches of his shoes drawn through them by two pye-holes. He is an honest man, believing every body to be as honest as himself. Perhaps he has some antiquated and prescribed right to the stance of a hay-stack at Pennycook, and is not without his wishes to try his fortune in the Parliament House. Well, the victims soon scent out his house by the glare of his new sign—the *novitas regni*—and upon him they fall tooth and nail. Partly through simplicity, partly by having his feelings excited regarding the stance of the hay-stack, he gives these gentlemen some credit. For a while you may observe a flocking of victims towards his doorway, like the gathering of clean and unclean things to Noah's ark. But it is not altogether a case of deception. Victims, somehow or other, occasionally have money. True, it is seldom in greater sums than sixpence. But then consider the importance of sixpence to a flock of victims. Such a sum, judiciously managed, may get the whole set meat and drink for a day. At length, when Walter begins to find his barrels run dry, with little return of money wherewithal to replenish them, and when the joint influence of occasional apparitions of sixpence, and the stance of the hay-stack at Pennycook, has no longer any effect upon him, why, what is to be done but fly to some other individual, equally able and willing to bleed?

One thing is always very remarkable in victims, namely, their extraordinary frankness and politeness. A victim might have been an absolute bear in his better days; but hunger, it is said, will tame a lion, and it seems to have the same effect in subduing the asperities of a victim. Meet a

victim where you will—that is, before he has become altogether deplorable—and you are amazed at the bland, confidential air which he has assumed; so different, perhaps, from what he sported in better days. His manner, in fact, is most insinuating—into your pocket; and if you do not get alarmed at the symptoms, and break off in time, you are brought down for half a crown as sure as you live. Victims keep up a kind of constant civil war with shops. They mark those which have been recently opened, and where they see only young men behind the counter. They try to establish a kind of credit of face, by now and then dropping in and asking, in a genteel manner, for a sight of a Directory, or for a bit of twine, or for "the least slip of paper," occasionally even spending a halfpenny or a penny in a candid, honourable way, and with the air of a person wishing to befriend the shop. In the course of these "transactions," they endeavour to excite a little conversation, beginning with the weather, gradually expanding to a remark upon the state of business; and, perhaps, ending with a sympathising inquiry as to the prospects which the worthy shopkeeper himself may have of succeeding in his present situation. At length, having laid down what painters call a *priming*, they come in some day, in a hurried fiddle faddle kind of way, and hastily and confidentially ask across the counter, "Mr. — [victims are always particular in saying Master] have you got such a thing as fourpence in ha'pence?—I just want to pay a porter, and happen to have no change." The specification of "fourpence in ha'pence," though in reality nonsense, carries the day; it gives a plausibility and credit-worthiness to the demand that could not otherwise be obtained; and the unfortunate shopkeeper, carried away by the contagious bustle of the victim, plunges his hand, quick as thought, into the till, and before he knows where he is, he is mious a groat, and the victim has vanished from before him—and the whole transaction, reflected upon three minutes afterwards, seems as if it had been a dream.

The existence of a victim is the most precarious thing, perhaps, in the world. He is a man with no continuing dinner-place. He dines, as the poor old Earl of Findlater used to say, at the sign of the Mouth. It is a very strange thing, and what no one could suppose *a priori*, that the necessitous are greatly indebted to the necessitous. People of this sort form a kind of community by themselves, and are more kind to each other mutually than is any other particular branch of the public to them as a class. Thus, the little that any one has is apt to be shared by a great many companions, and all have a mouthful. The necessitous are also very much the dupes of the necessitous; they are all, as it were, creatures of prey, the stronger constantly eating up the weaker. Thus a victim in the last stage preys upon men who are entering the set; and all prey more or less upon poor tradesmen, such as the above Walter Brown or James Gowans, who are only liable to such a spoliation because they are poor and anxious for business. We have known a victim, for instance, who had long passed the condition of being *fail-worthy*, live, in a great measure, upon a man who had just begun a career of victimization by being thrown into jail. This creature was content to be a kind of voluntary prisoner, for the sake of sharing the victuals and bed of his patron. It would astonish any man, accustomed, day after day, to go home to a spread table at a regular hour, to know the strange shifts which victims have to make in order to satisfy hunger—how much is done by raising small hard-earned subsidies from former acquaintance—how much by duping—how much by what the Scotch people very expressively call *skeking*—how much by subdivision of mites among the wretches themselves. Your victim is often witty, can sing one good comic song, has a turn for mimicry, or at least an amusing smock of worldly knowledge; and he is sometimes so lucky as to fall in with patrons little above himself in fortune, but still having something to give, who afford him their protection on account of such qualifications.

By way of illustrating these points, take the following instances of what may be called the *fag-victim*.

Hamilton of —, in Lanarkshire, originally a landed gentleman and an advocate at the Scottish bar, was a blood of the first water in the dissolute decade 1780-90, when, if we are to believe Provost Creech, it was a gentleman's highest ambition, in his street dress and manner, to give an exact personation of the character of Ilich in the *Beggars' Opera*. Hamilton at that period dressed a good deal above Ilich, however he might resemble him in gait. He had a coat edged all round with gold lace, wore a gold watch on each side (an extravagant fashion then prevalent), and with his cane, bag-wig, and gold-buckled shoes, was really a fine figure of the pre-revolutionary era. His house was in the Canongate—a good flat in Chessel's Court—garrisoned only by a female servant called Nanny. Hamilton at length squandered away the whole of his estate, and became a victim. All the world fell away from him; but Nanny still remained. From the entailed family flat in Chessel's Court, he had to remove to a den somewhere about the Netherbow; Nanny went with him. Then came the period of wretchedness. Nanny, however, still stuck fast. The unfortunate gentleman could not himself appear in his woe-begone attire upon those streets where he had formerly shone a resplendent sun; neither could he bring his well-born face to solicit his former friends for subsidies. Nanny did all that was necessary. Foul day and fair day, she was to be seen gliding about the streets, either petitioning tradesmen for goods to her master on credit, or collecting food and money from the houses of his acquaintance. If a liquid alms was offered, she had a white tankard, streaked with smoky-looking cracks, for its reception; if the proffered article was a mass of flesh, she had a plate or a towel. There never was such a forager. Hamilton himself used to call her "true and trusty," by way of a compliment to her collective powers; and he finally found so much reason to appreciate her disinterested attachment, that, on reaching the usual fatal period of fifty, he made her his wife! What was the catastrophe of their story, I never heard.



The second, and only other instance of the *lag-victim* which can be given here, is of a still more touching character than the above, and seems to make it necessary for the writer of this trifling essay to protest, before hand, against being thought a scollar at the misery of his fellow creatures. He begs it to be understood that, however light be the language in which he speaks, he hopes that he can look with no less than respectful feelings upon human nature, in a suffering, and, more especially, a self-denying form.

Some years ago, there flourished, in one of the principal thoroughfares of Edinburgh, a fashionable perfumer, the inheritor of an old business, and a man of respectable connexions; who, falling into dissolute habits, became, of course, very much embarrassed, and finally, "unfortunate." In his shop,

"From youth to age a reverend 'prentice grew;" a man, at the time of his master's failure, advanced to nearly middle life, but who, having never been anywhere else since he was ten or twelve years of age, than behind ———'s counter,—Sundays and meal-hours alone excepted,—was still looked upon by his master as "the boy of the shop," and so styled accordingly. This worthy creature had, in the course of time, become as a mere piece of furniture in the shop; his soul had *fraternised* (to use a modern French phrase) with his situation. The drawers and shottles, the combs, brushes, and bottles, had entered into and become part of his own existence; he took them all under the wide-spreading boughs of his affections; they were to him, as the infant to the mother, part of himself. He was on the best terms with every thing about the shop; the handles of all things were fitted to his hand; every thing came to him, to use a proverbial expression of Scotland, like the bowl of a pint-stoup. In fact, like a piece of wood placed in a petrifying spring, this man might be said to have been transfused out of his original flesh and blood altogether, and changed into a creature participating in the existence and qualities of certain essences, perfumes, wigs, pomades, drawers, wig-blocks, glass-cases, and counters, forming the material of Mr. ———'s establishment. Such a being was, as may be supposed, a useful servant. He knew all the customers; he knew his master's whole form of practice, all his habits, and every peculiarity of his temper. And then the fidelity of the creature; but that was chiefly shown in the latter evil days of the shop, and during the victimhood of his master. As misfortune came on, the friendship of master and man became more intensely familiar and intimate than it had ever been before. As the proudest man, met by a lion in the desert, makes no scruple to coalesce with his servant in resisting it, so was ——— induced by the devouring monster Poverty, to descend to the level, and make a companion of his faithful "boy." They would at last go to the same tavern together, take the same Sunday walks—were, in reality, boon companions. In all ———'s distresses the boy partook; if any thing "occurred about a bill," as Crabbe says, it was the "boy" who had the chief dolour of its accommodation; he would scour the North and South Bridges, with his hat off, borrowing small silver *à l'improviste*, as if to make up change to a customer, till he had the necessary sum amassed. The "boy" at length became very much demoralized; he grew vicious towards the world, to be the more splendidly virtuous to his master: one grand redeeming quality, after the manner of Moses' serpent, had eaten up all the rest. It were needless to pursue the history of the shop through all its stages of declension. Through them all the "boy" survived, unshaken in his attachment. The shop might fade, grow dim, and die, but the "boy" never. The goods might be diminished, the Duke of Wellington might be sold for whiskey, and his lady companions pawn their wigs for mutton-pies; but the "boy" was a fixture. There was no pledging away his devoted, inextinguishable friendship. The master at last went to the Canongate jail—I say went to, in order to inform the sentimental part of mankind that imprisonment is seldom done in the active voice, people generally incarcerating themselves with the most philosophical deliberation, and not the least air of compulsion in the matter. The shop was still kept open, and the "boy" attended it. But every evening did he repair to the dreary mansion, to console his master with the news of the day, see after his comforts, and yield up the prey which, jackal-like, he had collected during the preceding four-and-twenty hours. This prey, be it remarked, was not raised from the sale of any thing in the shop. Every saleable article had by this time been sold. The only furniture was now a pair of scissors and a comb, together with the announcement, "Hair-cutting rooms," in the window. By means of these three things, however, the boy contrived generally to *fleece* the public of a few sixpences in the day; and all these sixpences, with the exception of a small commission for his own meagre subsistence, went to his master at the Canongate jail. Often, in the hour between eight and nine in the evening, have they sat in that small dingy back-room behind the large hall, enjoying a bottle of strong ale, drunk out of stoneware tumblers—talking over all their embarrassments, and speculating how to get clear of them. Other prisoners had their wives or their brothers to see after them; but we question if any one had, even in these relations of kindred, a friend so attached as the "boy." At length, after a certain period, this unfortunate tradesman was one evening permitted to walk away, arm-in-arm with his faithful "young man," and the world was all before them where to choose.

For a considerable period all trace of the attached pair is lost. No doubt their course was through many scenes of poignant misery; for at the only part of their career upon which I have happened to obtain any light, the "boy" was wandering through the streets of Carlisle, in the dress and appearance of a very old beggar, and singing the songs wherewith he had formerly delighted the citizens of Edinburgh in Mrs. Manson's or Johnnie Dowie's, for the subsistence of his master; who, as ascertained by my informant was deposited, in a state of sickness and wretchedness trans-

ending all description, in a low lodging-house, in a back street. Such is the *lag-victim*, following his master

'To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.'

And such, I may add, are the virtues which sometimes adorn the most vicious and degraded walks of life, where, to the eyes of ordinary observers, there appears no redeeming feature whatsoever.

RAEBURN AND JOHN CLERK.—Among Raeburn's earliest associates, was "the learned and witty John Clerk, afterwards a judge of the Court of Session, under the title of Lord Eldin; a gentleman of rare parts, who, to his other acquirements, added some skill of hand in the art of painting. The young artist and the young advocate were frequently together; and as the one had to purchase costly colours and the other expensive books, it is said they were sometimes so poor, that they scarcely knew how to live till more money came in. On one of these occasions Raeburn received an invitation to dine with Clerk; and, hastening to his lodgings, he found the landlady spreading a cloth on the table, and setting down two dishes, one containing three herrings, and the other three potatoes. 'And is this all?' said John. 'All!' said the landlady. 'All! did I not tell ye, woman,' he exclaimed, 'that a gentleman was to dine with me, and that ye were to get six herrings and six potatoes?' The tables of both were better furnished before the lapse of many years; and they loved, it is said, when the wine was flowing, to recall those early days, when hope was high, and the spirit unrebuked by intercourse with the world."—*Lives of British Painters.*

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.—The following curious anecdote is related of Mary, Countess of Orkney, who died not long since, aged 76.—She was deaf and dumb, and was married in 1753 by signs. She lived with her husband, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Restallan, on the harbour of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child—the lady is lately deceased—the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The Countess having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and to the horror of the nurse, who like all persons of the lower order in her country, indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies," raised it with an intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the Countess had flung the stone—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The Countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was wanting in herself. She exhibited on many other occasions similar proof of intelligence, but none so interesting.

#### JOKES OF THE JACOBITES.

FROM CHAMBERS' SCOTTISH JESTS AND ANECDOTES.

[This celebrated party exhibited, at least so far as Scotland was concerned, all that propensity to wit and sarcasm which generally characterizes a depressed faction, who dare not well appear either in arms or in letters. They had, indeed, a sort of armoury of jests, which they used in defect of better weapons, as a means of annoying the enemy; while many possessed a genuine talent for impromptu repartee. It is hoped, that the following specimens of their wit and humour will be esteemed worthy of the space they occupy—if not, in all cases, for the success of the sally, at least as commemorating the moral peculiarities of a party, formerly important, but now completely extinct.]

#### NEW WARK AND AULD WARK.

The old Presbyterian General, David Leslie, it is well known, chose, at the Restoration, to repent of all the deeds of his youth, and express himself a sound and zealous loyalist. Charles II., it is also well known, made him a peer, under the title of Lord Newark. A loyalist of older standing, and who had, perhaps, experienced some sound blows from Leslie's troopers in his younger days, is said to have remonstrated with the King upon a proceeding which shewed so much disrespect for his old friends. "By my soul," said this bold cavalier, "instead of raising him to the peerage for his new wark, there waud ha' been mair justice, if your Majesty had raised him to the gallows for his auld wark."

#### EARL OF R.

The Earl of R., eighty years ago, was so weak in his mind, or rather so unmanageable, that his relations had to confine him in the Canongate jail—there being then no other asylum for the reception of lunatics, at Edinburgh.—Some English officers, belonging to the Duke of Cumberland's army, happening to visit the prison, and being informed that it had no less distinguished a tenant than an Earl, asked his lordship, in much surprise, how he got into such a place as this. "Deed, gentlemen," replied the lunatic, whose mind, like that of other idiots, occasionally gave forth strange flashes of wit, as the darkest nights are illuminated by the brightest lightning. "I got in here, in somewhat the same manner that you got into the army—less by my ain deserts than by the interest of my friends."

His lordship, being brother-in-law to Lord Lovat, was suspected of Jacobitism, and, after the Highland army had gone to England, was examined, on that account, by some of the state officers. On its being imputed to him, that he had wished well to the rebels, while they remained in Edinburgh—"Me!" he cried, "me wish them weel! a pack o' nasty, lousy, low-lived scoundrels—as I tell'd them they were—that wad never do any gude in this world, but gang to the next on a widdy." "How?" cried the examiners, "did you really tell them so, my Lord?" "That I did," said the Earl; "only I loot them be twa mile away, first."

#### NOT OUR LAWFUL SOVEREIGN.

An English regiment stationed at Peterhead, not long after

the Rebellion of 1745, received such polite attentions from the inhabitants, that the colonel determined, by way of expressing his gratitude, to invite the principal inhabitants to dinner.—Among those selected for invitation, was Bishop Dunbar; but some one, on being told so by the colonel, remarked, that that person was only a Scotch Bishop, and perhaps unworthy of the honour he designed to confer upon him. "Oh, never mind that," cried the Englishman; "my father was a Bishop, and I respect the title, by whatever countryman it may be borne." Not satisfied with this, he called upon the Bishop in person, and requested, in very respectful terms, the honour of his company. The Bishop, who was a man of a very modest and retired mode of life, desired to be excused, on the plea of his age and infirmities; and also represented to the colonel, that, as his principles forbade him to join in certain public toasts, it would perhaps be just as agreeable to all parties that he should not attend. The colonel would by no means listen to any excuses; and, at last, succeeded in obtaining the old man's consent, though not before he had promised, that no toast should be given at all calculated to offend the feelings of the guest. At dinner, everything proceeded well; but on "The King" being given, after the withdrawal of the cloth, and the Bishop drinking it with the preliminary addition of the word "rightful," a cornet swore a violent oath, and exclaimed, "That is not King George, Sir." "I take you all to witness," said the old clergyman, placidly, but with triumph beaming in his eye; "this young gentleman says, King George is not our rightful sovereign!" This good thing was hailed by a burst of laughter, at the cornet's expense.

#### MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

A coach horse belonging to President Dalrymple, whose share in this odious transaction is well known, happening to hang itself, as the stable phrase goes, in the stall, an old testy coachman, of the name of John, was deputed from the stable to acquaint his lordship with the fact. The President, unable to comprehend how the animal should have accomplished its own death, and perhaps suspicious of negligence on the part of its attendants, questioned the man a good deal as to the manner of the accident; the great burden of his inquiries being—"But how, John, should the horse have hanged himself?" Quite out of patience with so many frivolous questions, John at length exclaimed—"It certainly is a strange thing, my Lord, that the pair beast should have hanged himself: I am sure he had naething to do wi' either the Revolution or the Massacre o' Glencoe!"

John seems to have been not only a Jacobite, but one of that old-fashioned description of servants, who had been so long in their master's service, that they could take any liberty without fear of dismissal. About sixty or seventy years ago, when the relation of master and servant was of this sort, and not the mere matter of *quid pro quo* which it now is, Mr. Erskine of Dun, a gentleman of Angus, had an ancient valet, named Gabriel, whose petulance and licence of speech went so far as to be almost intolerable. One day as Dun was sitting at dinner, and conversing with a mixed company of friends, Gabriel took the liberty of calling something which he said, "a great lee." "Well," said the laird, really offended, and rising from the table, "this will do no longer, Gabriel—we must part at last." "Hout tout, laird," said Gabriel, pressing his master again into his chair, "where wad your honour be better than in your ain house?" not conceiving the possibility of his being the moving party.

#### CARNEY OF BALNAMOON.

It was the custom of old Balnamoon, a noted Jacobite, when out drinking at a friend's house, only to go home in case that he was able to sit upon his horse. If, when brought out and planted on horseback, he at once tumbled off, he remained all night where he was; but, if he still preserved sufficient strength to enable him to sit upright, or even to hold by the mane, he trotted off. On such occasions, he was always attended by a faithful old man-servant, who rode behind him, and observed that he did not drop himself by the way. One night, as the loving pair were going home in this way, Balnamoon tumbled off into a bog, from which it required unusual efforts on the part of John to extricate him. When he was fished out, a new difficulty arose—he had lost his wig. John immediately began an elaborate search through the neighbouring quagmires for Balnamoon's wig; and at last he was so fortunate as to find it. He instantly clapped it at random upon his master's head, and, as it afterwards appeared, with the back part foremost. He was then proceeding to mount his own horse, in order to pursue the way home, when Balnamoon's voice was heard faintly to exclaim through the dripping curls which hung round his face, "Oh John, man, this is surely no my wig; for it does na fit me ava." "Deil care, Bonny-moon," cried John; "ye maun just be content wi' what ye've got. There's nae wale o' wigs here," an expression which has since become proverbial in the country.

#### A QUEEN IN THE TOLBOOTH.

It may be seen from the popular song entitled, "The wee wee German Lairdie," with how much contempt the Jacobites beheld the first prince of the Brunswick dynasty. Unfortunately, his Majesty's domestic circumstances supplied them with an incident which gave ample scope to their satire. This was the alleged infidelity of his consort, who, on account of a supposed intrigue with a German count, was said, at the period of King George's accession, to be suffering imprisonment in one of his foreign castles. The frequent allusions to this affair in their songs, go far to induce a supposition that they almost revenged, by its means, the absurd, but annoying, state fiction which asserted their own king to be a supposititious child. They have been heard to relate, with peculiar satisfaction, a remark which an Aberdeen magistrate is said to have made upon King George's consort. At the first occurrence of the King's birth-day, after his accession, the public functionaries of this ancient city being assembled to drink his health, one of them, who, it appeared, was ignorant of the domestic history of the royal family, rose up and asked, in his peculiar dia-



"Phat was to hinder them to drink the Queen's health?" "Hout awa, man," replied the provost, pulling him back into his seat; "she's i' the Towberth!"  
(To be continued.)

## SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

In the same paper in which Hazlitt details the characteristics of Brougham, he treats of the peculiarities of Sir Francis Burdett, and in an equally correct manner. "Sir Francis," says he, "in many respects affords a contrast to the foregoing character. He is a plain, unaffected, unsophisticated English gentleman. He is a person of great reading too, and considerable information, but he makes very little display of these, unless it be to quote Shakespeare, which he does often with extreme aptness and felicity. Sir Francis is one of the most pleasing speakers in the House, and is a prodigious favourite of the English people. So he ought to be; for he is one of the few remaining examples of the old English understanding, and old English character. All that he pretends to is common sense and common honesty; and a greater compliment cannot be paid to these than the attention with which he is listened to in the House. We cannot conceive a higher proof of courage than the saying things which he has been known to say there; and we have seen him blush and appear ashamed of the truths he has been obliged to utter, like a bashful novice. He could not have uttered what he often did there, if, besides his general respectability, he had not been a very honest, a very good-tempered, and a very good-looking man. But there was evidently no wish to shine, nor any desire to offend. It was painful to him to hurt the feelings of those who heard him, but it was a higher duty in him not to suppress his sincere and earnest convictions. It is wonderful how much virtue and plain-dealing a man may be guilty of without impunity, if he has no vanity, or ill-nature, or duplicity, to provoke the contempt or resentment of others, and to make them impatient of the superiority he sets up over them. There is no honest cause which he dares not avow—no oppressed individual that he is not forward to succour. He has the firmness of manhood, with the unimpaired enthusiasm of youthful feeling about him. His principles are mellowed and improved, without having become less sound with time; for at one period he sometimes appeared to come charged to the House with the petulance and caustic sententiousness he had imbibed at Wimbledon Common. He is seldom or never violent, or in extremes. There is only one error he seems to labour under (which, we believe, he also borrowed from Mr. Horne Tooke, or Major Cartwright), the wanting to go back to the early times of our constitution and history in search of the principles of law and liberty—which are modern inventions—the growth of books and printing. A man may be a patriot without being an antiquary. This is the only point on which Sir Francis is at all inclined to a tincture of pedantry. His humanity is unconstrained and free. His heart does not ask leave of his head to feel, nor does prudence always keep a guard upon his tongue or his pen. He is the idol of the people of Westminster; few persons have a greater number of friends and well-wishers; and he has still greater reason to be proud of his enemies, for his integrity and independence have made them so."

## THE INDIAN MUSSELMAUNS' CELEBRATION OF THE NEW YEAR.

The exact period of commencing the Mussulmann new year is the very moment of the sun's entering the sign Aries. This is calculated by those practical astronomers who are in the service of most great men in native cities—I should tell you they have not the benefit of published almanacs as in England; and according to the hour of the day or night when the sun passes into that particular sign, so are they directed in the choice of a colour to be worn in their garments on this eade; if at midnight the colour would be dark puce, almost a black; if at mid-day, the colour would be the brightest crimson. Thus, to the intermediate hours are given a shade of either colour applicable to the time of night or the day when the sun enters the sign Aries; and whatever be the colour to suit the hour of Nou-Roze, all classes wear the day's livery, from the king to the meanest subject in the city. The king, on his throne, sits in state to receive congratulations and nuzzas from his nobles, courtiers and dependents. "Ma-barukh Nou-Roze!" (may the new year be fortunate!) are the terms of salutation exchanged by all classes of society, the king himself setting the example. The day is devoted to amusements, a public breakfast at the palace, sending presents, exchanging visits, &c. The trays of presents prepared by the ladies for their friends are tastefully set out, and the work of many days' previous arrangement. Eggs are boiled hard; some of these are stained in colours resembling our mottled papers; others are neatly painted in figures and devices, many are ornamented with gilding—every lady evincing her own peculiar taste in the prepared eggs for "Nou-Roze." All kinds of dried fruits and nuts, confectionary, and cakes, are numbered amongst the necessary articles for this day's offering; they are set out in small earthen plates, lacquered over to resemble silver, on which is placed coloured paper, cut out in various devices (an excellent substitute for vine leaves) laid on the plate to receive the several articles forming "Nou-Roze" presents. Amongst the young people these trays are looked forward to with child-like anxiety. The ladies rival each other in their display of novelty and good taste, both in the eatables and the manner of setting them off with effect. The religious community have prayers read in their family, and by them it is considered both a necessary duty and a propitious commencement to bring in the new year by "prayers and praises." When it is known that the Nou-Roze will occur by daylight, the ladies have a custom of watching for the moment the year should commence, by a fresh rose, which being plucked from the stalk, is thrown into a basin of water the eye downwards. They say, this rose turns

over or itself towards the sun at the very moment of that luminary passing into the sign Aries.—Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali's Observations.

## INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

(FROM A RECENTLY PUBLISHED VOLUME OF POEMS, BY WILLIAM PENNYCOOK BROWN.)

"Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,  
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,  
Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,  
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?  
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow,  
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?  
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?  
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?  
"He said—but I knew not what he meant—  
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.  
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,  
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;  
And he told how his kindred there were laid  
And the friends with whom in his youth he played;  
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,  
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!  
"He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,  
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee;  
And followed afar, with a heart as light  
As its sparkling wings the butterfly's flight;  
And pulled young flowers, where they grew nigh the beams  
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams;  
Yet he left all these through the earth to roam!  
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?  
"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!  
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled,—  
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn gray,  
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!  
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,  
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;  
But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee—  
It was there the old man longed to be!  
"For he knew that those with whom he had played,  
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade—  
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth  
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—  
Whose names from our world had passed away,  
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—  
He knew that they, with all suffering done,  
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!  
"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,  
Where Want with his pale train never may come,  
Oh! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,  
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;  
For He who hath made them poor may soon  
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,  
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild!  
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES WATT.

ALL the inventions and improvements of recent times, if measured by their effects upon the condition of society, sink into insignificance, when compared with the extraordinary results which have followed the employment of steam as a mechanical agent. To one individual, the illustrious Watt, the merit and honour of having first rendered it extensively available for that purpose, are pre-eminently due. The force of steam, now so important an agent in mechanics, was nearly altogether overlooked until within the last two centuries. The ancients were, in a small measure, acquainted with its expansive powers; its prodigious energies were noticed by a French writer, Solomon de Caus, who flourished in the beginning of the seventeenth century; in the decade of 1660, the Marquis of Worcester similarly remarked the properties of steam; about twenty years later, Sir Samuel Morland projected a method of employing it as a mechanic power; and Denis Papin, a native of France, about the year 1690, contrived an engine acting with steam and the pressure of the atmosphere, for lifting water, but on an exceedingly rude principle. The next who tried such a scheme was Captain Savery, who, about the year 1698, began to erect engines for lifting water, somewhat on the principle of the sucking pump. Not long after Savery had invented his engine, Thomas Newcomen, an ironmonger, and John Calley, a glazier, both of Dartmouth in Devonshire, began also to direct their attention to the employment of steam as a mechanic power. Their first engine was constructed about the year 1711. This machine still acted on the principle of condensing the steam by means of cold water, and the pressure of the atmosphere on the piston. It was found of great value in pumping water from deep mines; but the mode of its construction, the great waste of fuel, the continual cooling and heating of the cylinder, and the limited capacities of the atmosphere in impelling the piston downward—all tended to circumscribe its utility. Our knowledge of what might be done by steam was in this state, when the subject at last happily attracted the attention of Mr. Watt.

James Watt was born at Greenock on the 19th of January, 1736. His father was a merchant, and also one of the magistrates of that town. He received the rudiments of his education in his native place; but his health being even then extremely delicate, as it continued to be to the end of his life, his attendance at school was not always very regular. He amply made up, however, for what he lost in this way by the diligence with which he pursued his studies at home, where without any assistance he succeeded at a very early age in making considerable proficiency in various branches of knowledge. Even at this time his favourite study is said to have been mechanical science, to a love of which he was probably in some degree led by the example of his grandfather and his uncle, both of whom had been teachers of the mathematics, and had left a considerable reputation for learn-

ing and ability in that department. Young Watt, however, was not indebted to any instructions of theirs for his own acquirements in science, the former having died two years before, and the latter the year after, he was born. At the age of eighteen he was sent to London to be apprentice to a maker of mathematical instruments; but in little more than a year, the state of his health forced him to return to Scotland; and he never received any further instruction in his profession. A year or two after this, however, a visit which he paid to some relations in Glasgow suggested to him the plan of attempting to establish himself in that city, in the line for which he had been educated. In 1757, accordingly, he removed thither, and was immediately appointed mathematical instrument maker to the College. In this situation he remained for some years, during which, notwithstanding almost constant ill health, he continued both to prosecute his profession, and to labour in the general cultivation of his mind, with extraordinary ardour and perseverance. Here also he enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of several distinguished persons who were then members of the University, especially of the celebrated Dr. Black, the discoverer of the principle of latent heat, and Mr. (afterwards Dr.) John Robison, so well known by his treatises on mechanical science, who was then a student, and about the same age with himself. Honourable, however, as his present appointment was, and important as were many of the advantages to which it introduced him, he probably did not find it a very lucrative one; and, therefore, in 1763, when about to marry, he removed from his apartments in the University to a house in the city, and entered upon the profession of a general engineer.

"For this his genius and scientific attainments admirably qualified him. Accordingly he soon acquired a high reputation, and was extensively employed in making surveys and estimates for canals, harbours, bridges, and other public works. His advice and assistance indeed were sought for in almost all the important improvements of this description, which were now undertaken or proposed in his native country. But another pursuit, in which he had been for some time privately engaged, was destined ere long to withdraw him from this line of exertion, and to occupy his whole mind with an object still more worthy of his extraordinary powers.

"While yet residing in the College, his attention had been directed to the employment of steam as a mechanical agent by some speculations of his friend Mr. Robison, with regard to the practicability of applying it to the movement of wheel-carriages; and he had also himself made some experiments with Papin's digester, with the view of ascertaining its expansive force. He had not prosecuted the inquiry, however, so far as to have arrived at any determinate result, when, in the winter of 1763-4, a small model of Newcomen's engine was sent to him by the Professor of Natural Philosophy to be repaired, and fitted for exhibition in the class. The examination of this model set Watt upon thinking anew, and with more interest than ever, on the powers of steam. Struck with the radical imperfections of the atmospheric engine, he began to turn in his mind the possibility of employing steam in mechanics, in some new manner which should enable it to operate with much more powerful effect. This idea having got possession of him, he engaged in an extensive course of experiments, for the purpose of ascertaining as many facts as possible with regard to the properties of steam; and the pains he took in this investigation were rewarded with several valuable discoveries. The rapidity with which water evaporates, he found, for instance, depended simply upon the quantity of heat which was made to enter it; and this again on the extent of the surface exposed to the fire. He also ascertained the quantity of coals necessary for the evaporation of any given quantity of water, the heat at which water boils under various pressures, and many other particulars of a similar kind which had never before been accurately determined.

"Thus prepared by a complete knowledge of the properties of the agent with which he had to work, he next proceeded to take into consideration, with a view to their amendment, what he deemed the two grand defects of Newcomen's engine. The first of these was the necessity arising from the method employed to concentrate the steam, of cooling the cylinder, before every stroke of the piston, by the water injected into it. On this account, a much more powerful application of heat than would otherwise have been requisite was demanded for the purpose of again heating that vessel when it was to be refilled with steam. In fact Watt ascertained that there was thus occasioned, in the feeding of the machine, a waste of not less than three-fourths of the whole fuel employed. If the cylinder, instead of being thus cooled for every stroke of the piston, could be kept permanently hot, a fourth part of the heat which had been hitherto applied would be found to be sufficient to produce steam enough to fill it. How, then, was this desideratum to be attained? Savery, the first who really constructed a working engine, and whose arrangements, as we have already remarked, all shewed a very superior ingenuity, employed the method of throwing cold water over the outside of the vessel containing his steam—a perfectly manageable process, but at the same time a very wasteful one; inasmuch as, every time it was repeated, it cooled, not only the steam, but the vessel also; which, therefore, had again to be heated, by a large expenditure of fuel, before the steam could be reproduced. Newcomen's method of injecting the water into the cylinder was a considerable improvement on this; but it was still objectionable on the same ground, though not to the same degree; it still cooled not only the steam, on which it was desired to produce that effect, but also the cylinder itself, which, as the vessel in which more steam was to be immediately manufactured, it was so important to keep hot. It was also a very serious objection to this last mentioned plan, that the injected water itself, from the heat of the place into which it was thrown, was very apt to be partly converted into steam; and the more cold water was used, the more considerable did this creation of new steam become. In fact, in the best of Newcomen's engines, the perfection of the vacuum was so great



impaired from this cause, that the resistance experienced by the piston in its descent was found to amount to about a fourth part of the whole atmospheric pressure by which it was carried down, or, in other words, the working power of the machine was thereby diminished one fourth.

After reflecting for some time upon all this, it at last occurred to Watt to consider whether it might not be possible, instead of continuing to condense the steam in the cylinder, to contrive a method of drawing it off, to undergo that operation in some other vessel. This fortunate idea having presented itself to his thoughts, it was not very long before his ingenuity also suggested to him the means of realizing it. In the course of one or two days, according to his own account, he had all the necessary apparatus arranged in his mind. The plan which he devised, indeed, was an extremely simple one, and on that account the more beautiful. He proposed to establish a communication by an open pipe between the cylinder and another vessel, the consequence of which evidently would be, that when the steam was admitted into the former, it would flow into the latter so as to fill it also. If then the portion in this latter vessel only should be subjected to a condensing process, by being brought into contact with cold water or any other convenient means, what would follow? Why, a vacuum would be produced here—into that, as a vent, more steam would immediately rush from the cylinder—that likewise would be condensed, and so the process would go on till all the steam had left the cylinder, and a perfect vacuum had been effected in that vessel, without so much as a drop of cold water having touched or entered it. The separate vessel alone, or the Condenser, as Watt called it, would be cooled by the water used to condense the steam—and that, instead of being an evil, manifestly tended to promote and quicken the condensation. When Watt reduced these views to the test of experiment, he found the result to answer his most sanguine expectations. The cylinder, although emptied of its steam for every stroke of the piston as before, was now constantly kept at the same temperature with the steam (or 212° Fahrenheit) and the consequence was, that one fourth of the fuel formerly required sufficed to feed the engine. But besides this most important saving in the expense of maintaining the engine, its power was greatly increased by the more perfect vacuum produced by the new construction, in which the condensing water, being no longer admitted within the cylinder, could not, as before, create new steam there while displacing the old.

Such, then, was the remedy by which the genius of this great inventor effectually cured the first and most serious defect of the old apparatus. In carrying his ideas into execution, he encountered, as was to be expected, many difficulties, arising principally from the impossibility of realizing the theoretical perfection of structure with such materials as human art is obliged to work with, but his ingenuity and perseverance overcame every obstacle. One of the things which cost him the greatest trouble was, how to fit the piston so exactly to the cylinder, as, without affecting the freedom of its motion, to prevent the passage of the air between the two. In the old engine this end had been attained by covering the piston with a small quantity of water, the dripping down of which into the space below, where it merely mixed with the steam introduced to effect the condensation, was of little or no consequence. But in the new construction, the superiority of which consisted in keeping this receptacle for the steam always both hot and dry, such an effusion of moisture, although only in very small quantities, would have occasioned material inconvenience. The air alone, besides, which in the old engine followed the piston in its descent, acted with considerable effect in cooling the lower part of the cylinder. His attempts to overcome this difficulty, while they succeeded in that object, conducted Watt also to another improvement, which effected the complete removal of what we have called the second radical imperfection of Newcomen's engine, namely, its non-employment, for a moving power, of the expansive force of the steam. The effectual way, it occurred to him, of preventing any air from escaping into the part of the cylinder below the piston, would be to dispense with the use of that element above the piston, and to substitute there likewise the same contrivance as below, of alternate steam and a vacuum. This was of course to be accomplished by merely opening communications from the upper part of the cylinder to the boiler on the one hand, and the condenser on the other, and forming it at the same time into an air-tight chamber, by means of a cover, with only a hole in it to admit the rod or shank of the piston, which might, besides, without impeding its freedom of action, be padded with hemp, the more completely to exclude the air. It was so contrived, accordingly, by a proper arrangement of the cocks and the machinery connected with them, that while there was a vacuum in one end of the cylinder, there should be an admission of steam into the other; and the steam so admitted now served, not only, by its susceptibility of sudden condensation, to create the vacuum, but also, by its expansive force, to impel the piston.

These were the great improvements which Watt introduced in what may be called the principle of the steam-engine, or, in other words, in the manner of using and applying the steam. They constitute, therefore, the grounds of his claim to be regarded as the true author of the conquest that has at last been obtained by man over this powerful element. But original and comprehensive as were the views out of which these fundamental inventions arose, the exquisite and inexhaustible ingenuity which the engine, as finally perfected by him, displays in every part of its subordinate mechanism, is calculated to strike us perhaps with scarcely less admiration. It forms undoubtedly the best exemplification that has ever been afforded, of the number and diversity of services which a piece of machinery may be made to render to itself by means solely of the various application of its first moving power, when that has once been called into action. Of these contrivances, however, we can only notice one or two, by way of specimen. Perhaps the most singular is that called the governor. This consists of an upright spindle, which is kept constantly turning, by being connected with a certain

part of the machinery, and from which two balls are suspended in opposite directions by rods, attached by joints, somewhat in the manner of the legs of a pair of tongs. As long as the motion of the engine is uniform, that of the spindle is so likewise, and the balls continue steadily revolving at the same distance from each other. But as soon as any alteration in the action of the piston takes place, the balls, if it has become more rapid, fly farther apart under the influence of the increased centrifugal force which actuates them—or approach nearer to each other in the opposite circumstances. This alone would have served to indicate the state of matters to the eye; but Watt was not to be so satisfied. He connected the rods with the valve in the tube, by which the steam is admitted to the cylinder from the boiler, in such a way, that as they retreat from each other, they gradually narrow the opening which is so guarded, or enlarge it as they tend to collapse; thus diminishing the supply of steam when the engine is going too fast, and when it is not going fast enough, enabling it to regain its proper speed by allowing it an increase of aliment. Again, the constant supply of a sufficiency of water to the boiler is secured by an equally simple provision, namely, by a float resting on the surface of the water, which, as soon as it is carried down by the consumption of the water to a certain point, opens a valve, and admits more. And so on, through all the different parts of the apparatus, the various wonders of which cannot be better summed up than in the forcible and graphic language of a recent writer—"In the present perfect state of the engine, it appears a thing almost endowed with intelligence. It regulates with perfect accuracy and uniformly the number of its strokes in a given time, counting or recording them moreover, to tell how much work it has done, as a clock records the beats of its pendulum; it regulates the quantity of steam admitted to work; the brilliancy of the fire; the supply of water to the boiler; the supply of coals to the fire; it opens and shuts its valves with absolute precision as to time and manner; it oils its joints; it takes out any air which may accidentally enter into parts which should be vacuum; and when any thing goes wrong which it cannot of itself rectify, it warns its attendants by ringing a bell; yet with all these talents and qualities, and even when exerting the power of six hundred horses, it is obedient to the hand of a child; its aliment is coal, wood, charcoal, or other combustible—it consumes none while idle—it never tires, and wants no sleep; it is not subject to malady when originally well made, and only refuses to work when worn out with age; it is equally active in all climates, and will do work of any kind; it is a water pumper, a miner, a sailor, a cotton-spinner, a weaver, a blacksmith, a miller, &c. &c.; and a small engine in the character of a steam pony, may be seen dragging after it on a rail-road a hundred tons of merchandise, or a regiment of soldiers, with greater speed than that of our fleetest coaches. It is the king of machines, and a permanent realization of the Genii of Eastern fable, whose supernatural powers were occasionally at the command of man."

In addition to those difficulties which his unrivalled mechanical ingenuity enabled him to surmount, Watt, notwithstanding the merit of his inventions, had to contend for some time with others of a different nature, in his attempts to reduce them to practice. He had no pecuniary resources of his own, and was at first without any friend willing to run the risk of the outlay necessary for an experiment on a sufficiently large scale. At last, he applied to Dr. Roebuck, an ingenious and spirited speculator, who had just established the Carron iron-works, not far from Glasgow, and held also at this time a lease of the extensive coal-works at Kinneal, the property of the Duke of Hamilton. Dr. Roebuck agreed to advance the requisite funds on having two-thirds of the profits made over to him; and upon this Mr. Watt took out his first patent in the beginning of the year 1769. An engine with a cylinder of eighteen inches diameter was soon after erected at Kinneal; and although, as a first experiment, it was necessarily in some respects of defective construction, its working completely demonstrated the great value of Watt's improvements. But Dr. Roebuck, whose undertakings were very numerous and various, in no long time after forming this connexion, found himself involved in such pecuniary difficulties, as to put it out of his power to make any farther advances in prosecution of its object. On this Watt applied himself for some years almost entirely to the ordinary work of his profession as a civil engineer; but at last, about the year 1774, when all hopes of any further assistance from Dr. Roebuck were at an end, he resolved to close with a proposal which had been made to him through his friend, Dr. Small of Birmingham, that he should remove to that town, and enter into partnership with the eminent hardware manufacturer, Mr. Boulton, whose extensive establishments at Soho, had already become famous over Europe, and procured for England an unrivalled reputation for the arts there carried on. Accordingly an arrangement having been made with Dr. Roebuck, by which his share of the patent was transferred to Mr. Boulton, the firm of Boulton and Watt commenced the business of making steam-engines in the year 1775.

Mr. Watt now obtained from Parliament an extension of his patent for twenty-five years from this date, in consideration of the acknowledged national importance of his inventions. The first thing which he and his partner did was to erect an engine at Soho, which they invited all persons interested in such machines to inspect. They then proposed to erect similar engines wherever required, on the very liberal principle of receiving as payment for each, only one-third of the saving in fuel which it should effect, as compared with one of the old construction.

But the draining of mines was only one of many applications of the steam power now at his command, which Watt contemplated, and in course of time accomplished. During the whole twenty-five years, indeed, over which his renewed patent extended, the perfecting of his invention was his chief occupation; and, notwithstanding a delicate state of health, and the depressing affliction of severe headaches, to which he was extremely subject, he continued

throughout this period, to persevere with unwearying diligence in adding new improvements to the mechanism of the engine, and devising the means of applying it to new purposes of usefulness. He devoted, in particular, the exertions of many years to the contriving of the best methods of making the action of the piston communicate a rotary motion in various circumstances, and between the years 1781 and 1785 he took out four different patents for inventions, having this object in view.

"This invention has already gone far to revolutionize the whole domain of human industry; and almost every year is adding to its power and its conquests. In our manufactures, our arts, our commerce, our social accommodations, it is constantly achieving what, little more than half a century ago, would have been accounted miracles and impossibilities. 'The trunk of an elephant,' it has been finely and truly said, 'that can pick up a pin, or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer—and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors; cut steel into ribbands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.' And another application of it, which has been made only within the last few months, is perhaps destined to be productive of still greater changes on the condition of society than have resulted from many of its previous achievements. It had been employed some years ago, at some of our collieries, in the propelling of heavily loaded carriages over rail-ways; but the great experiment of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway has, for the first time, practically demonstrated with what hitherto almost undreamt-of rapidity travelling by land may hereafter be carried on through the aid of steam. Coaches, under the impetus communicated by this, the most potent, and at the same time the most perfectly controllable of all our mechanical agencies, have already been drawn forward at the flying speed of thirty and thirty-five miles an hour. If so much has been done already, it would be rash to conclude that even this is to be our ultimate limit of attainment. In navigation, the resistance of the water, which increases rapidly as the force opposed to it increases, very soon sets bounds to the rate at which even the power of steam can impel a vessel forwards. But, on land, the thin medium of the air presents no such insurmountable obstacle to a force making its way through it; and a rapidity of movement may perhaps be eventually attained here, which is to us even as yet inconceivable. But even when the rate of land travelling already shown to be quite practicable shall have become universal, in what a new state of society shall we find ourselves! When we shall be able to travel a hundred miles in any direction in six or eight hours, into what comparative neighbourhood will the remotest extremes even of a large country be brought, and how little shall we think of what we now call distance! A nation will then be indeed a community; and all the benefits of the highest civilization, instead of being confined to one central spot, will be diffused equally over the land, like the light of heaven. This improvement, in short, when fully consummated, will confer upon man nearly as much new power and new enjoyment as if he were actually endowed with wings.

"It is gratifying to reflect, that even while he was yet alive, Watt received from the voice of the most illustrious of his contemporaries the honours due to his genius. In 1785 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow in 1816; and in 1808 he was elected a member of the French Institute. He died on the 25th of August, 1819; in the 84th year of his age."

**COBALT.**—About the end of the fifteenth century, cobalt appears to have been dug up in great quantity, in the mines on the borders of Saxony and Bohemia. As it was not known at first to what purpose it could be applied, it was thrown aside as a useless mineral. The miners had an aversion to it, not only because it gave them much fruitless labour, but because it often proved prejudicial to their health, by the arsenical particles with which it was combined; and it appears even that the mineralogical name *cobalt* then first took its rise. Frisch derives it from the Bohemian word *kow*, which signifies metal; but the conjecture that it was formed from *cobaltus*, which was the name of a spirit that, according to the superstitious notions of the times, haunted mines, destroyed the labours of the miners, and often gave them a great deal of unnecessary trouble, is more probable. The miners perhaps gave this name to the mineral out of joke, because it thwarted them as much as the supposed spirit, by exciting false hopes and rendering their labour often fruitless. It was once customary to introduce into the church service a prayer, that God would preserve miners and their works from *Kobolts* and spirits.—*Beckmann.*

**PSALMODY.**—It was in the course of the sixteenth century that the psalmody of England, and the other Protestant countries, was brought to the state in which it now remains, and in which it is desirable that it should continue to remain. For this psalmody we are indebted to the Reformers of Germany, especially Luther, who was himself an enthusiastic lover of music, and is believed to have composed some of the finest tunes, particularly the Hundredth Psalm, and the hymn on the Last Judgment, which Braham sings with such tremendous power at our great performances of sacred music.—*Metropolitan.*

**THREAD OF THE SPIDER.**—The thread of the silk-worm is so small, that many folds are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but that of the spider is smaller still, for two drachms of it by weight, would reach from London to Edinburgh, or 400 miles.—*Arnot's Physics.*

MELTON contains the most rage and although pursues, stud of the last man shou ber of his must be shire, he to have a practi the effect is most i always seven or surprising indispens The sum at Melton estimate the purch each hu wear of impro have be visitors, annum eighteen which l The tow morning hunters, tions to Meltoni brethren out of th his of c relatively apparen elsewhe would s Quarter

To de to make shir, in then say country, ourselves and at le side. T our grea the furze "Hark wave of his own horse's h in variou cause, n sently o they can skins an some old minutes takes a s his stern touch of the night second w whip, wi selas? I disappear says one are draw These w more than us of a stems of gorse. I still more "Have hundred ear, and we cannot looks at t At th rural co witness i away, Si Snob m Review think you At lengt a dog in him to th another countyn and, clasp rank.

As all Sir Har John M your own ask, "



## COLUMN for Country Gentlemen.

## ENGLISH FOX HUNTERS.

MELTON MOWBRAY, a small town in Leicestershire, generally contains from two to three hundred hunters, in the hands of the most experienced grooms England can produce, the average number being ten to each sportsman residing there, although some of those who ride heavy, and rejoice in long parties, have from fourteen to twenty for their own use. The stud of the Earl of Plymouth has, for many years, exceeded the last mentioned number. It may seem strange that one man should, under any circumstances, need so large a number of horses solely for his personal use in the field; and it must be admitted that few countries do require it. In Leicestershire, however, the universal practice is, for each sportsman to have at least two hunters in the field on the same day—a practice proved to be economical, as it is from exhaustion, the effect of long continued severe work, that the health of horses is most injured. And when it is considered that a horse should always have five days' rest after a moderate, and at least seven or eight after a severe run with hounds, it will not seem surprising that ten or twelve hunters should be deemed an indispensable stud for a regular Leicestershire sportsman. The sum total of expenses attending a stud of twelve hunters at Melton, including every outgoing, is, as nearly as can be estimated, 1000*l.* per annum. In all stables, the outlay for the purchase of horses is great—at least two hundred guineas each hunter; and, in some, the annual amount of tear and wear of horse flesh is considerable. Melton has been much improved owing to the numbers of comfortable houses which have been erected for the accommodation of its sporting visitors, who spend not less, on an average, than 50,000*l.* per annum on the spot. It stands on one of the great north roads, eighteen miles from Nottingham, and fifteen from Leicester, which latter place is also a favourite resort of sportsmen. The town furnishes an interesting scene on each hunting morning. At rather an early hour are to be seen groups of hunters, the finest in the world, setting out in different directions to meet different packs of hounds. The style of your Meltonian fox-hunter has long distinguished him above his brethren of what he calls the provincial chase. When turned out of the hands of his valet, he presents the very beau-ideal of his caste. The exact Stultze-like fit of his coat—his superlatively well-cleaned breeches and boots—and the generally apparent high-breeding of the man, can seldom be matched elsewhere; and the most cautious sceptic in such points would satisfy himself of the fact at one single inspection.—*Quarterly Review.*

## THE HUNT.

To describe a run with foxhounds is not an easy task; but to make the attempt with any other county than Leicestershire, in our eye, would be giving a chance away. Let us then suppose ourselves at Ashby Pasture, in the Quorn country, with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds. Let us also indulge ourselves with a fine morning, in the first week of February, and at least two hundred well-mounted men by the cover's side. Time being called—say a quarter past eleven, nearly our great-grandfathers' dinner hour—the hounds approach the furze brake, or the gorse, as it is called in that region. "Hark in, Hark!" with a slight cheer, and perhaps one wave of his cap, says Mr. Osbaldeston, who has long hunted his own pack, and in an instant he has not a hound at his horse's heels. In a very short time, the gorse appears shaken in various parts of the cover—apparently from an unknown cause, not a single hound being for some minutes visible. Presently one or two appear, leaping over some old furze which they cannot push through, and exhibit to the field their glossy skins and spotted sides. "Oh you beauties!" exclaims some old Meltonian, rapturously fond of the sport. Two minutes more elapse: another hound slips out of cover, and takes a short turn outside with his nose to the ground and his stern lashing his side—thinking no doubt he might touch on a drag, should Reynard have been abroad in the night. Hounds have no business to think, thinks the second whipper-in, who observes him; but one crack of his whip, with "Rasselas, Rasselas, where are you going, Rasselas? Get to cover, Rasselas!" and Rasselas immediately disappears. Five minutes more pass away. "No fox here," says one; "Don't be in a hurry," cries Mr. Cradock, "they are drawing in beautifully, and there is rare lying in it." These words are scarcely uttered, when the cover shakes more than ever. Every stem appears alive, and it reminds us of a corn-field waving in the wind. In two minutes the stems of some more hounds are seen "flourishing" above the gorse. "Have at him there," hollars the Squire—the gorse still more alive, and bounds leaping over each other's backs. "Have at him there again, my good hounds—a fox for a hundred!" reiterates the Squire—putting his finger in his ear, and uttering a scream which, not being set to music, we cannot give here. Jack Stevens (the first whipper-in) looks at his watch.

At this interesting period, a Snob, just arrived from a very rural country, and unknown to any one, but determined to witness the start, gets into a conspicuous situation: "Come away, Sir!" hollars the master (little suspecting that the Snob may be nothing less than one of the Quarterly Reviewers.) "What mischief are you doing there? Do you think you can catch the fox?" A breathless silence ensues. At length a whisper is heard in the cover—like the voice of a dog in a dream: it is Flouishier, and the Squire cheers him to the echo. In an instant a bound challenges—and another and another. "Tuttyho!" cries a countryman in a tree. "He's gone," exclaims Lord Alvanley; and, clapping spurs to his horse, in an instant is in the front rank.

As all good sportsmen would say, "Ware, hounds!" cries Sir Harry Goodricke. "Give them time," exclaims Mr. John Moore. "That's right," says Mr. Osbaldeston, "spoil your own sport as usual." "Go along," roars out Mr. Holy oak, "there are three couple of hounds on the scent

"That's your sort," says Billy Coke, coming up at the rate of thirty miles an hour on *Admiral*, with a label pinned on his back, "she kicks; the rest are all coming, and there's a rare scent to-day, I'm sure." Buonaparte's Old Guard, in its best days, would not have stopped such men as these, as long as life remained in them.

Only those who have witnessed it can know in what an extraordinary manner hounds that are left behind in a cover make their way through a crowd, and get up to the leading ones of the pack, which have been fortunate in getting away with their fox. It is true they possess the speed of a race horse; but nothing short of their high mettle could induce them to thread their way through a body of horsemen going the best pace, with the prospect of being ridden over and aimed at every stride they take. But as Beckford observes, "Tis the dash of the foxhound which distinguishes him." A turn, however, in their favour, or a momentary loss of scent in the few hounds that have shot a head—an occurrence to be looked for on such occasions—joins head and tail together, and the scent being good, every hound settles to his fox; the pace gradually improves; *vires acquirit eundo*; a terrible burst is the result!

Two horses are seen loose in the distance—a report is flying about that one of the field is badly hurt, and something is heard of a collar-bone being broken; others say it is a leg; but the pace is too good to inquire. A cracking of rails is now heard, and one gentleman's horse is to be seen resting, nearly balanced, across one of them, his rider being on his back in the ditch, which is on the landing side. "Who is he?" says Lord Rudenell to Jack Stevens. "Can't tell, my lord, but I thought it was a queerish place when I came o'er it before him." It is evidently a case of peril, but the pace is too good to afford help.

Up to this time, "Snob" has gone quite in the first flight; "he 'Dons" begin to eye him, and, when an opportunity offers, the question is asked—"Who is that fellow on the little bay horse?" "Don't know him," says Mr. Little Gilmour (a fourteen-stone Scotchman, by-the-bye), ganging gallantly up to his hounds. "He can ride," exclaims Lord Ranelagh. "A tip-top provincial, depend upon it," adds Lord Plymouth, going quite at his ease on a thorough-bred nag, three stone above his weight, and in perfect racing trim. Animal nature, however, will cry "Enough," how good soever she may be, if unreasonable man press her beyond her beyond the point. The line of scent lies right athwart a large grass ground (as a field is termed in Leicestershire), somewhat on the ascent; abounding in anti-hills, or hillocks, peculiar to old grazing land, and thrown up by the plough one hundred years since into rather high ridges, with deep, old furrows between each. The fence at the top is impracticable—Meltonicé, "a stopper;" nothing for it but a gate, leading into a broad green lane, high and strong, with deep slippery ground on each side of it. "Now for the timber-jumper," cries Osbaldeston, pleased to find himself upon Clasher. "For heaven's sake, take care of my hounds, in case they may throw up in the lane." Snob is here in the best of company, and that moment perhaps the happiest of his life; but, not satisfied with his situation, wishing to out-Herod Herod, and to have a fine story to tell when he gets home, he pushes to his speed on ground on which all regular Leicestershire men are careful, and the death-warrant of the little bay-horse is signed.

The scene now shifts. The fox does his best to escape: he threads hedge-rows, tries the out-buildings of a farm-house, and once turns so short as nearly to run his foil; but—the perfection of the thing—the hounds turn shorter than he does, as much as to say—*lie you shall*. The pace has been awful for the last twenty minutes. Three horses are blown to a stand-still, and few are going at their ease. "Out upon this great carcass of mine; no horse that was ever foaled can live under it at this pace, and over this country," says one of the best of the welter-weights, as he stands over his four-hundred guinea chestnut, then rising from the ground, after giving him a heavy fall—his tail nearly erect in the air, his nostrils violently distended, and his eyes almost fixed. "Not hurt, I hope," exclaims Mr. Maxse, to somebody whom he gets a glimpse of through the openings of a tall quickset hedge which is between them, coming neck and crop into the adjoining field, from the top bar of a high, hog-backed stile. His eye might have been spared the unpleasant sight, had not his ear been attracted to a sort of *procumbit humi* ho sound of a horse falling to the ground on his back, the bone of his left hip indenting the green-sward within two inches of his rider's thigh. It is young Peyton, who, having missed his second horse at the check, had been going nearly half the way in distress; but from nerve and pluck, perhaps peculiar to Englishmen, but very peculiar to himself, got within three fields of the end of this brilliant run. The fall was all but a certainty; for it was the third stiff-timber fence that had unfortunately opposed him, after his horse's wind had been pumped out by the pace; but he was too good to refuse them, and his horse knew better than to do so.

The Aeneid of Virgil ends with a death, and a chase is not complete without it. The fox dies within half a mile of Woolwell-head, evidently his point from the first; the pack pulling him down in the middle of a large grass field, every hound but one at his brush.—Osbaldeston's who-hoop might have been heard to Cottesmore, had the wind set in that direction, and every man present is extatic with delight. "Quite the cream of the thing, I suppose," says Lord Gardner. "Quite the cream of every thing in the shape of fox hunting," observes that excellent sportsman Sir James Musgrave, looking at that moment at his watch. "Just ten miles, a crowd flies, in one hour and ten minutes, with but two tripping checks, over the finest country in the world. What superb hounds are these!" added the Baronet, as he turned his horse's head to the wind. Some of the field now came up who could not live in the first flight; but as there is no jealousy here, they congratulate each other on the fine day's sport, and each man turns his head towards home.—*Ibid*

## ON THE TRAINING OF PLANK TIMBER.

Divide all branches into leaders and feeders—leaders, being the main or superior shoots which tend to become stems—feeders the inferior branches. Should more than one leader appear from the time of planting the tree till it attain the required height of the plank, shorten all but the most promising one down to the condition of feeders, making the section immediately above a twig, preferring one which takes a lateral or horizontal direction. Cut off, close by the trunk, all shoots which rise at a very acute angle with the main stem. These nearly perpendicular branches generally originate from improper pruning, springing out where a large branch has been cut away. Reserve all splintered, twisted, or diseased branches. Do not cut away any of the lower branches (feeders) till they become sickly or dead. By pruning these prematurely, you destroy the fine balance of nature, and throw too much vigour into the top, which, in consequence, puts forth a number of leaders. After the tree has acquired a sufficient height of bole for plank, say from 20 to 60 feet, it will then be proper, in order to have timber as clean as possible, and regularly flexible, to top off all the branches on the stem as far as the required height. We consider the spring as the least dangerous time for pruning. The perfection of naval forest economy would consist in superadding a top, of which every branch is a valuable bend or knee. In pruning and educating for plank timber, the whole art consists in training the tree as much as possible, and with as little loss of branch as possible, to one leader and numerous feeders, and to the regular cone figure which the pine tribe naturally assumes. This can be best and most easily performed by timely attention, checking every over-luxuriant, overshadowing branch and wayward shoot on its first appearance; so that none of the feeders which spring forth at first may be smothered till they in turn become lowermost; and by the influence of rather close plantation, which of itself will perform in a natural manner all that we have been teaching by art, and will perform it well. This closeness must, however, be very guardedly employed, and timeously prevented from proceeding too far, otherwise the complete ruin of the forest by premature decay or winds, may ensue, especially when it consists of pines. Of course all kinds of pines require no other attention than this (well-timed thinning), and to have their sickly moss-covered under-branches swept clean down.—*Matthew on Naval Timber.*

## ON PRESERVING CORN IN SHEAVES.

"The simplest method, it appears to me, for securing the crop after cutting it down, from being damaged by standing long in stooks on the ground, is that universally practised by the agriculturist in the woody parts of Sweden and Norway, and which never fails in completely protecting at least nine-tenths of the grain from growing in the sheaf, as well as the straw, from any serious injury. In those districts, every farmer provides as many 'sides stö', corn-stakes (i.e. stakes for drying the grain on), as will be necessary for the quantity of his growing crop. They are generally made of the young white pines, 8 feet long, about 1½ inch in diameter at the top, and 4 inches at the bottom. The upper end is pointed, to admit the sheaf passing easily down over it, and the lower end is likewise pointed to facilitate its being fixed in the ground. When a field of grain is ready for the sickle, the stakes are conveyed to the spot, and, as the reapers proceed with their work the stakes are put up in rows behind them, in the same manner, and at the same distance from each other, as is common in stooking the crop. A man, with the assistance of an iron crow, or spit, will set up five hundred of these in a day. The next operation is to put the sheaves up to the stakes. This is performed by raising the first sheaf up to the top of the stake, and passing it with the root-ends downwards to the ground, the stake being kept as near as possible to the middle of the sheaf; the sheaf thus stands perpendicular and round the stake. The second sheaf is fixed on the stake in an inclined position with the grain-end slipping a little downwards, the stake passing through the sheaf at the band in a transverse manner, and in that position it is pressed down to the first sheaf, and thus forms a covering to it. All the other sheaves are threaded on the stake in a similar way as the sheaf last put on, keeping them all one above another, with the root-ends facing the south-west, to receive as much of the sunshine as possible, on account of the greater quantity of grassy substance which they contain at the other end. As each sheaf thus acts as a complete covering to the one beneath it, and as there is only one which can touch the ground, rain cannot at any time penetrate through them, and it is very rare that any single heads of grain on a stake are injured. I have witnessed these operations performed with as much expedition as actually attends the common way of setting the crop in the fields in stooks."—*Communication by Mr. George Stephens, Edinburgh, to the Agricultural Journal.*

## ON THICKENING HEDGES.

"In 1624 I tried the following method, which has since been continued, with uniform success, on the hedges of a farm near Stirling, which had previously been much neglected, but which could not be cut down without great inconvenience and expense. Many of the stems being almost entirely destitute of lateral branches within two feet of the ground, a horizontal cut or semicircular incision was made in the bark, by which from a quarter to half-an-inch in breadth of both layers of the bark was removed fully half-way round the stem. In a few weeks buds appeared, and shot forth, usually close under, but sometimes over, the incision. This simple operation, performed by the hedgeball or a pocket-knife, early in spring, does not seem in the least degree to injure the thorns, for the cut being clean, and not deep, no canker ensues, and it soon closes up again."—*Communication by Mr. Carmichael of Raploch, to the Agricultural Journal.*



## ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

THE following masterly and instructive sketch of the advantages of the Union of Scotland and England in 1707, is abridged from an article in the *CHAMELION*, a *melange* of prose and poetical pieces lately published by Messrs. Atkinson and Co., Glasgow:—

"In the nature of things, by the constitution of society—in an union for security—in a compact for safety—in a bond for even equal gain, the strongest must reap fewest benefits—the richest least of profit—the weakest most of both. And where honour is not sacrificed, nor liberty abridged, he is as little of a patriot, as he is of a philosopher, who would oppose such an amicable coalescence, with fanciful anticipations, and vague generalities of speech. Why, by what means is it that states advance in refinement, and countries in civilization?—By the combination of many small and detached bodies into one compact whole?—by, first, the union of families—next of tribes—of clans—of districts, and of kingdoms. England has had its heptarchy—Ireland its many co-existent monarchs—Scotland its coeval kings. But mankind soon learn the value of union, and of the division of labour; and petty states join to form nations, who would else have wasted their energies in predatory warfare and perpetual heartburnings.

"Nature meant that England and Scotland should be one and incorporate; and history will tell us how soon this was discovered, and how often it was attempted to be achieved. Never did a chance of rationally uniting the two kingdoms offer, but it was eagerly seized upon, and judged to be of mutual advantage by the wise of both. And happy would it have been for our country had its Margaret become the wife of England's Second Edward; or its fifth James the spouse of Henry's daughter! At length, however, in the person of James the Sixth such junction, in as far as identity of arbitrary rule could make a union, was effected. But, with the departure of Scotland's monarchs, all the advantages of independence fled, while the more solid benefits of incorporation were not received in return.

"At length, by the wisdom of Somers, and the ripening of events, was consummated the marriage of the States, and GREAT BRITAIN took its name among nations, unquestionably to the peace of both countries; but it is required to say—whether more to the general advantage of the one than the other, and to which?—This I have already done, by reference to first principles; but as it is also a question of fact, by facts shall the question be answered. What then was the state and condition of England—what that of Scotland, immediately antecedent to this event; what their condition subsequent to it—what their aspect now? Need I tell you that England was then in its most "high and palmy state;"—that the effervescence of its glorious revolution had subsided, but that the pure and invigorating principles of it were still in healthful play and circulation through the state; that its intellect was roused, as were its liberties, refreshed from their long slumber; that its revenue was growing; its commerce giving rich promise of its after grandeur; its people contented; and its wealth increased? Or need I remind you that the glories of Blenheim and of Ramilies were then in their first lustre? Why, this was the era of Somers and of Godolphin—of Addison and of Pope—of Swift and Steele—of Peterborough and of Churchill! Well, indeed, might a Scottish Lord—Belhaven—exclaim—"England is a great and glorious nation. Its armies are numerous, powerful, and victorious; its trophies splendid and memorable. She disposes of the fate of kingdoms. Her navy is the terror of Europe. Her trade and commerce encircle the globe, and her capital is the emporium of the universe!" Such then was England—free and happy, rich and powerful England; but "look on that picture and on this—the counterfeit presentment of two brothers!" Oh my beloved country, pride but half o'erpowers regret when I know what thou art; but must show what thou hast been! It is the same painter that draws the picture of both; and Belhaven uttered but the truth when he then said, "but we are a poor and obscure people in a remote corner of the world, without name, without alliances, and without fortune." Then, without a present name, and existing but on the recollection of the past. Indeed, nothing could be more wretched than the condition of the Scottish people. A Revolution following a Restoration had left the minds of men in a feverish and unsettled state, and the tyranny of factious and rival nobles, who sought to perpetuate the worst forms of government, and oligarchical aristocracy, and to revivify the expiring embers of the feudal fire which clanship cherished, was but one remove from the bloody oppressions of Charles' time, and the troubles of his successors' reigns. Atholl might summon to arms, and maintain 10,000 men beneath his private banners, and Hamilton and Queensberry keep the retinues of rival princes; but the body of the people were poverty-stricken; and we have the able Fletcher of Saltoun's high authority for believing that almost every sixth man in Scotland was a public beggar! Indeed, from the accession of James to the English throne, our trade had decayed, and our capital, like our court, had emigrated to securer haunts. Famine overspread the land; agriculture was at a stand, and our trade was too inconsiderable to yield a revenue adequate to the necessities of the state. What little did accrue was the prey of rapacious statesmen, and those, their minions, to whom it had been improvidently farmed. The flag of Scotland floated above no rich galleons—Dutch vessels it was that entered our harbours, and even fished upon our coasts. We had no peculiar native product for exchanging; nothing that we held not in common with more powerful rivals, save our cattle and our wool—and these England refused to receive; whilst her colonies were as much shut against our citizens, as against the French or Dutch; nay, Mr. Pherson's *Annals of Com-*

merce show that, from the seventeenth year preceding the Union, the interchange of commodities had fallen off from 124,000*l.* in value annually, to one-seventh part of that sum! It is idle to oppose to this statement, the convulsive efforts which our expiring commercial energies made to establish the colony at Darien. These but emphatically confirm their truth; while their history recalls the humiliating remembrance of indignities which we were too weak to resent, and encroachments which we had not power to resist.

Whence was this weakness—this national atrophy? Poverty produced—Misgovernment prolonged it. In this situation of our country—the neighbour of a rich and powerful rival, to become its servant was inevitable, if we refused to be its friend, and to accept the community of interests which it proffered. Anarchy and injustice are the natural concomitants of weakness and misrule—and the Parliament of Scotland, the Council of State, and the Bench of Justice, were then alike corrupt and hideous. The Legislative Assembly was a heterogeneous mass of Peers—a majority of whom could at any time be procured by Royal creation—and of pensioned Commoners, Jacobites, and Republicans; of such extremes as Atholl and Fletcher—Marchmont and Queensberry.

But the work of uniting the two nations—a triumph, before which all other glories of the reign of Anne fade and grow dim—began on the 16th April, terminated in part of the 23d July, 1706, and was finally consummated on the 1st of May in the year following.

To some of its articles it is necessary I should advert, and upon its general consequences that I should enlarge. And, first, I will address myself to the consideration of what it deprived us, before I enter upon the statements of the acquisitions which it made ours. Of what then did it denude us? Of a name—and of a Parliament—and of a Council. Of a name, I will admit, hallowed to us by a thousand kindling recollections, but not more so than that of England to its sons, which was also merged into the now prouder appellation of this Island—Great Britain; of a Legislature, whose corruptions made it a curse; of a Council—whose tyranny would have become intolerable; while it transferred a portion of the Scottish intellect and hereditary dignity to an arena where the noblest battles of freedom had been fought, and where the proudest triumphs of mind and eloquence had been achieved. But I will be told that this transfer was inadequate and a mockery, and that the rights of Scotland were juggled with and sold. I broadly deny that the transfer was then inadequate, and I assert that, if it diminished the number of our legislators, it enhanced their dignity, by extending the sphere of their influence, and widening the field of their deliberations and exertions.

The activity which distinguishes our national character, and which led us to threaten rebellion when irritated and unemployed, and made us turbulent when prosperous, it instantly turned into useful channels and to better purposes, and soon substituted security for violence; industry for idleness; and wealth for poverty. SECURITY, by, in the very year of its completion, sheltering us from a French invasion, through the protection of what had then become our united, and, even at that period, irresistible naval power and pretensions: INDUSTRY, by opening up spheres of employment for the energies of Scotmen, who, within a year of its date, spread themselves, and it is our boast, with themselves spread habits of diligence and principles of unbending integrity, over every country and in every clime that owned the British sway, and which had before been shut up and unapproachable to them; ay, spreading, says a plain chronicler, in one branch even to the amount of not less than 2500 of Scottish pedlars, who distributed themselves over England, and each of whose "packs" was calculated to be worth a hundred pounds; INDUSTRY, by the introduction of new capital, that mainspring of prosperity, and consequently of civilization, and of freedom, with which the swamps of Holland became gardens, and without which the gardens of Spain run to deserts; and by permitting even foreign built ships, if belonging to Scottish subjects, to share the advantages of the English navigation laws: WEALTH, for in five years after it, our shipping had risen from 215 vessels of, in all, 14,485 tons—to 1123 vessels of 50,232 tons; the towns on the west coast, or those which could more immediately benefit by the new colonial trade, being the first to increase in industry and riches.

With security and liberty, their handmaidens—refinement, science, and the arts have come. England could receive no refinement from us—no literary glory from the nation which had only produced in letters a Burnet during a century; but once a graft upon the British oak—having once acquired a part in the glory of our sister—in the paternal pride of the country of Milton and of Shakespeare—of Bacon and Newton; and in the recollections of Cressy and Ramilies—Poitiers and Blenheim, we shook off the lethargy of misrule and the chill of poverty; and our's have been a Thomson, a Burns, and a Scott—a Simpson and a Reid—a Smith and a Stewart—a Hume, and that Robertson, who eloquently, but not more eloquently than truly, says, "At length the Union having incorporated the two nations, and rendered them one people, the distinctions which had subsisted for so many ages, have gradually worn away; peculiarities have disappeared, and the same manners prevail in both parts of the island; the same authors are read and admired; the same entertainments are frequented by the elegant and the polite; and the same standard of taste and purity of language is established." The Scots, after being placed, during a whole century, in a situation no less fatal to the liberty than to the genius of the nation, are now enjoying the possession of privileges, much more valuable than those which their ancestors ever enjoyed; and every obstruction which retarded their pursuits, or prevented their acquisition of literary fame, is effectually removed." And surely, "It would be worth their while," as De Foe, the historian of this event has remarked, "for those who opposed this union, and still refuse to own the advantage of it, to look back upon the years of food, and the terrible devastations these two sister nations

suffered in the days of their separation; and let them examine the history of the past ages, let them inquire then for the particulars of three hundred and fourteen battles, and calculate the value of the blood of a million of the bravest men in Europe, lost in the senseless feuds of these two nations; and let them view the spoils of the Borders, the monuments of the slain, the demolished fortifications, and the depopulated towns. If triumphs were, of old, allotted to him who spread devastation in a country, and conquered tranquillity by the sword, what ought to be their meed who win such peace—perpetual peace, without shedding one drop of gore; who heal wounds that for centuries had bled, and whose victories are the prevention of wars!"

THE HAGUE.—The Hague is the residence of the Dutch court. It was the birth-place of our William the Third. The population may be about forty thousand. It is a handsome and well built town, more in the German than the Dutch style; more like Brussels than Rotterdam. The happy union it exhibits of town and country is that which forms its chief interest. The Voorhout, or principal street, has several rows of trees in the centre, with a carriage-way on either side, while walks in the middle covered with shells are assigned to pedestrians. A beautiful park, well wooded and drained, affords a variety of pleasant promenades to the inhabitants, a great proportion of whom are men of property, retired from business. At the extremity of this park, which is two miles long, stands the summer residence of the princes of Orange, called the "palace in the wood." The approach to it is through a forest of oaks, which are regarded with superstitious veneration, and never submitted to the pruning hand of the woodman. The chambers of lords and deputies are fine structures, but inferior to those in Paris. The royal museum has been transferred to a house built in 1640, by prince Maurice. It contains some remarkable pictures by Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Teniers, Wouvermans, Rubens, and other painters of the Flemish school. Among the choicest of this collection, are the celebrated bull by Potter, and Simeon and the infant Jesus by Rembrandt; which justly merit the high place they hold in the estimation of Europe. Under the museum is a cabinet devoted to Chinese curiosities; the most remarkable of which is a model of the interior of a Dutch town, made for Peter the Great of Russia, but refused on account of the high price fixed on it. In another room is a model of the Japanese island Tésima, representing the inhabitants in characteristic costumes, either engaged in the various duties of life on land, or dimpling the surface of the water in their Eastern junks. In the king's palace is an elegant jasper vase, of the size and shape of a large baptismal font. It is exhibited as a present from the King of Prussia, and the most superb specimen of its kind in this part of Europe.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

CHAIN BRIDGES.—It appears, from a description of bridges of suspension communicated some years since by R. Stevenson, Esq., civil engineer, to the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, that the first chain bridge constructed in this country is believed to have been one over the Tees, forming a communication between the counties of Durham and York. It is supposed, on good authority, to have been erected about 1741, and is described in Hutchinson's *Antiquities of Durham*, as, "a bridge, suspended on iron chains, stretched from rock to rock, over a chasm near sixty feet deep, for the passage of travellers, particularly miners. The bridge is seventy feet in length, and a little more than two feet broad, with a hand rail on the one side, and planked in such a manner, that the traveller experiences all the tremulous motion of the chain, and sees himself suspended over a roaring gulf, on an agitated and restless gangway, to which few strangers dare trust themselves." In 1816-17 two or three bridges of Iron wire were constructed; the first by Mr. Lees, an extensive woollen manufacturer at Galashiels in Scotland. This experiment, although made with slender wires, and necessarily imperfect in its construction, deserves to be noticed as affording a practical example of the tenacity of iron so applied. These wire bridges were suspended not upon the catenarian principle so successfully adopted in the larger works subsequently undertaken, but by means of diagonal braces, radiating from their points of suspension on either side, towards the centre of the roadway. The unfortunate fabric next mentioned was constructed on this defective principle. Among the earliest practical exhibitions of this novel architecture in the united kingdom, may be mentioned the uncommonly elegant and light chain bridge which was in 1817, for the convenience of foot passengers, thrown over the Tweed at Dryburgh, by the Earl of Buchan. Its length, between the point of suspension, was 261 feet, being considered the greatest span of any bridge in the kingdom. This useful structure, the theme of such just applause, and which harmonised so finely with the far-famed scenery of Dryburgh Abbey, was entirely destroyed by a tremendous gale of wind, at the beginning of the year following its erection. This bridge was subsequently restored.—*Lairdner.*

The continuation of Mr. FERGUSON'S Article on EMIGRATION is necessarily delayed till our next number.

London: Published by Permission of the Proprietor, for W. S. ORR, Paternoster-row; W. MORRISON, Fenchurch-street; T. SOTHERAN, Little Tower-street; CHAPMAN and HALL, Strand; G. BERGER, Holywell-street; W. KIDD, Regent-street; A. DOUGLAS, Portman-street, Portman Square; BOWDERY and KERRY, Oxford-street; and BANCES & CO., Manchester.—Sold also by BRILBY and KNOTT and W. HODGETTS, Birmingham; G. BENTHAM, Manchester; WILLMER & SMITH, Liverpool; W. E. SOMERSCALE, Briggate, Leeds; C. N. WRIGHT, Long Row, Nottingham; WESTLEY & CO., Broad-street, Bristol; GEO. YOUNG, Dublin; and by all Booksellers, Newsmen, &c., in Town and Country.

Printed by BRADBURY and EVANS, Bowrye-street.